Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let Us See To it that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING. SEPTEMBER 22, 1892. NO. 37

Republican National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJIMAN HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WHITELAW REID,
OF NEW YORK.

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

Benjamin F. Jones,	James Muir,
William Wood,	John H. Sheibley,
W. Henry Sayen,	Coe Durland,
J. Francis Dunlap,	Pierre A. Stebbins,
John L. Lawson,	Lloyd T. Rohrbach,
John Mundell,	S. S. Schoch,
John Hunter,	J. Schall Wilhelm,
Alexander Crow, Jr.,	Louis J. McGregor,
Charles B. Siner,	James B. Laux,
Maxwell Clower,	Robert Pitcairn,
William H. Grundy,	James H. Lindsay,
Traill Green,	Thomas L. Lincoln,
James K. Mosser,	Sylvester D. Bell,
J. M. W. Geist,	Matthew H. Taylor,
Henry A. Knapp,	Charles F. Barclay,
William J. Harvey,	Jesse E. Dale.

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Associate Judge,
SAMUEL T. GRAY, of Patton.

For Assembly,
JOHN HAMILTON, of College,
A. A. DALE, of Bellefonte.

For Prothonotary,
JOHN C. MILLER, of Bellefonte.

For District Attorney,
G. W. ZIEGLER, of Philipsburg.

For County Surveyor,
JESSE CLEAVER, of Unionville.

The differences petween Free-Trade "cheapness" and Protection lower prices: Free-Trade cheapness is the result of low wages and degraded labor. Protection's lower prices come from high wages, prosperous workingmen, greater ambition and more skill.

A Connecticut Valley tobacco crop 40 per cent. larger than ever before, as a result of the restriction of the imports of Sumatra tobacco and a consequent greater demand for Connecticut seed leaf, is the latest tribute to the beneficial workings of the McKinley law. And still they come.

The deposits in the State and savings banks of Iowa increased from $20,821,495 on June 30, 1891, to $26.115,884 on June 30, 1892. Unless the locust pest spreads to Iowa, Grover Cleveland will have about as much chance of carrying that fertile State as the Republican party would have of carrying the United States could British votes decide an American election.

Says the London *Times* of July 20: "Undoubtedly our interests as a trading community must make us wish success to the Democrats, who now for the first time go to the polls as the avowed champions of Free-Trade, rather than to the authors defenders of the mediæval McKinley bill.' This will spur on the Democratic leaders to new efforts, in order still further to deserve the sympathy and admiration of British manufacturers and the British press.

I defy the man in any degree conversant with the history, in any degree acquainted with the annals of this country from 1787 to 1789, when the Constitution was adopted, to say that Protection of American labor and industry was not a leading, I might almost say the leading motive, South as well as North, for the formation of the new government. Without that provision in the Constitution it never could have been adopted.—*Daniel Webster, speech in albany*, 1844.

From a letter dated Leipzig, signed Henry Brett, and addressed to D. S. Schnitzer, Esq., 38 Broadway, New York, we take the following significant extracts: "Although thousands of miles away, we are watching the progress of your Presidential campaign with ever-increasing interest. We have more than sufficient grounds for our anxiety, because the outcome will certainly affect us more than is generally known on the other side. We cannot prosper without our export to the United States; we cannot afford to lose our best customer in the world's market. Public sentiment over here is unanimously in favor of Grover Cleveland and Tariff "reform"—which latter means "the greatest good to the greatest number"—and we fervently hope for his victorious election.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, SEPT. 21 '92

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marchimg, and old war time songs are heard on all sides, as some visiting or local post of the G. A. R. marches past, the band playing and banners waving. The 26th National Encampment is a success of collossal proportions, both in point of attendance, which far exceeds that of any previous encampment and which will probably never be so great at any similar event in the future, and of enthusiastic welcome to the veterans, a welcome shown not only by the elaborate and beautiful decorations of streets and residences but by the faces of the people. Those who have slandered Washington by saying that her people were selfish and unpatriotic should for ever more hang their heads in shame. Why even babies in the arms of their nurses crow patriotically and wave tiny flags, along the streets, and it is next to impossible to find a man, woman or child who does not carry some where on their person our country's flag.

The first prominent feature of the encampment was the dedication of Grand Army Place this afternoon. The ceremonies were preceeded by a brilliant street parade, made up of United States regular troops—artillery, cavalry and infantry—, sailors, marines, the entire National Guard of the District of Columbia and the department of the Potomac G. A. R., which was greatly enjoyed by the visiting veterans who were conspicuous in the crowds that packed the sides of the line of march. The dedicatory ceremonies were successfully carried out according to the original programme, Vice President Morton having very kindly agreed to take the President's place. The scene will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Away in the back ground, looking to the southwest, the yellow, pillared portico of the historic Arlington Mansion presenting a strong contrast to the green foliage by which it is surrounded by the remains of thousands of comrades who had fought by the sides of the veterans today assembled in a grand re-union—who can say that the spirits of the veterans buried at Arlington are not also holding a reunion this week? Looking directly south the slender grey shaft of the Washington Monument, extending five hundred and 55 feet skyward challenges the admiration of the beholder, while to the east looms up the immense white dome of the Capitol, unsurpassed in grandure and artistic symmetry any public building on earth. With in a stone,s throw stands a miniature Washington Monument, probably a hundred feet high, wrapped from its base to its summit, from which extends a flag pole proudly supporting "old glory," in red, white and blue, and, a beautiful model of the good ship Kearsage, full size and full rigged, and partly manned by survivors of the crew which took part in its memorable engagement with the privateer Alabama, which it sank, as you probably remember. Directly north stands the White House, which reminds the vets of the trouble, caused by Mrs. Harrison's sickness, that has prevented the President joining his comrades, as he had arranged to do; and just west of the Executive Mansion stands the handsomest public edifice in Washington—the new State War and Navy Department building. Could a more appropriate spot have been chosen for the reunion grounds, or one where more that is dear to the old soldiers heart could have been seen at a glance?

At this encampment is the first time that one place for holding all the reunions, corps, division, brigade and regimental, has been selected and the visitors are loud in their praise of the arrangement by which they can so easily meet with those who served with them in the war.

The ladies' reception held in the rotunda of the Capitol tonight, which was conceved by Mrs. John A. Logan, was one of the largest, most brilliant and at the same time enjoyable affairs of the kind ever held in Washington, where public receptions are common events. The arrangements were so perfect that thousands passed through the rotunda, from East to West, without accident of any kind, although there was more squeezing at times than was altogether comfortable.

The regret is general that the President is not in Washington to take part in the pleasures of the week, which he has been anticipating ever since Washington was selected as the place for holding this years encampment, and everybody has a word of sympathy for him and for Mrs. Harrison, and expresses the wish that she may soon recover.

Vice President Morton was not a soldier but he has made himself very solid with the soldiers by his promptness in coming here and volunteering to take the President's place in the programme for encampment week.

A GOOD TICKET.

The republicans have no reason to be ashamed of their county ticket. It is acknowledged by all, both friend and foe, to be one of the best tickets that any party has placed in the field for many years. We expect that our best citizens without regard to party will appreciate this fact and that many men who desire good men to fill official positions will cast their votes in such a way as to show that they want capable men for office. We have edited a paper in this county for almost twenty years and never in all that time has our party placed a ticket in the field of which we could say with more confidence, it is a first class ticket all through. We have indicated that some good citizens not republican in politics are going to vote this ticket; we have heard them say so and we believe they meant what they said; and why should they not? Is it not the best men that we want to manage our county affairs? Is it not to the interest of all men no matter what he thinks about the tariff, or the government ownership of railroads, or a hundred other questions upon which we may honestly differ as to national issues, that in our home government where these issues do not count or in any way affect the qualification of the officer and where we can so well become acquainted with the fitness of our candidates, that the very best men should be elected? We are not in this article going to make any idle boast; we will not even say that these men will be elected; but we will say, they ought to be elected and that if national politics was thouroughly eliminated from the contest they would be elected, simply and only because they are the best men, so much superior, that all men not blinded or guided by partisan zeal admit their claim to superior fitness without question.

IS IT SOMETHING?

Hon. W. L. Wilson of West Virginia was chairman of the Democratic National Convention, and notified Grover Cleveland of his nomination. Writing in the North American Review of "The Tariff Plank at Chicago" and the acts of the present Democaatic House supposed to be in conformity with that platform, he says: "These (tariff) bills, as they were successively sent to the Senate, were all pigeonholed by the Committee on Finance; otherwise more bills of like character would have followed them." Bills were introduced in the House for putting lumber and iron ore on the free list. The reason they were not passed was not that the Senate Finance Committee would pigeonhole them, but that Alabama, with its developing iron industries, and North Carolina, with its extensive and valuable lumber interests, were showing a restless discontent under the destructive tariff policy of the Democrats, and the leaders realized that they ran the risk of losing those States this Fall by attacking these industries. So they determined to wait "until after the election." There is much of harmful specification in the nefarious Democratic programme that has been smothered only "until after the election."

WHO PAYS THE TARIFF.

There is a chestnut going the rounds of the democratic press under the above caption. It purports to be a letter from one Michael Doran to Hon. Wm. McKinley, in which Mike says his mother, living in Ireland, knitted him 12 pair of socks worth 20 cents a pair and he had to pay 25 cents a pair duty on them when they were sent to this conntry. The idea sought to be conveyed is that every time a man buys a pair of socks he has to pay 25 cents more for them than he would if there was no duty. If he were compelled to send to Ireland and get some Irish woman to knit his socks the duty would of course be added to the price he had to pay the woman for the work. But the fact is nobody sends to Ireland or any other foreign country for his socks. He buys a better article for less money made in this country and every time he buys them contributes something to the support of an American workingman. The McKinley bill is not designed to help the men who sends to Europe to buy what is better made at home.

—John C. Miller, the republican nominee for prothonatory, is one of the best book keepers in the county, a man of large experience in business. The office for which he is a candidate is one of the most important positions in our court. Mr. Miller is thoroughly competent for the position, of that there is no question. Of his opponent we know but little, the voters perhaps know more, at least those near his home, and we have it from reliable authority that at his home he is not considered a man fully qualified for the place, that at his home where he should be the strongest he is the weakest. Now what will the voter do? We challenge any man to truthfully say John C. Miller is not a first class man, fully competent to fill the position, if elected, as he should be.

NO QUARTER FOR CALAMITYITES.

Never did the old saw, "He laughs best who laughs last," receive a better illustration than in the present condition of the Tariff controversy. Two years ago our Free-Trade friends were in the height of their glory. The Republican Congress and Administration had framed and was about to enact into law, on the very eve of the approaching Congressional elections one of the most radically changed and generally applicable tariff measures that was ever devised. There was endless opportunity to misrepresent that measure during the summer months and through the early fall. Every Republican Congressman was obliged to be in his seat, because of the narrow Protectionist majority, in order to carry through the pending legislation; while of the Democratic minority the presence of only a few were needed in Washington to carry out their obstructive tactics, and the rest of them, including their most mendacious as well as their most forcible stump speakers, were occupied in every part of the Union with slandering the McKinley bill and drawing fearful pictures of the ruin it would bring to the country when it took effect. Most of these demagogues went unanswered, for the reasons we have mentioned. It was not so very strange, therefore, that the people were deceived and sent the Free-Trade rabble to Congress which has been disgracing the country for the last year or so. That was before the McKinley Tariff was old enough to stand upon its legs.

Times have changed wondrously since that "triumph of lying." The little McKinley Tariff proved to be a robust child. It early to walk and then to run, and before six months had passed was in hot pursuit of the slanderers of its helplessness. One by one it has run them down and silenced for ever their slanderous tongues. Now, a giant warrior, it stalks abroad, and no sooner does a McKinley Tariff liar show himself than he receives a rap over the head which puts him to sleep for good.

During the last month our McKinley Tariff warrior has wrought fearful destruction among his enemies. With the tin plate report of Treasury Agent Ayer and the Senator report on prices and wages as war clubs, he laid about him right and left, cracking the skulls, so to speak, of the Millses, the Vests, the Vances, the the Springers, the Wellses, the Campbells, the Warners, and the scores of others of his maligners. Then he seized in one hand—much, we suppose, as Samson seized the jaw-bone of the ass—the report of Labor Commissioner Peck, with its proof of increased wages and product, and in the other the report of the Superintendent of the Bank Department of New York, with its remarkable showing of increased savings among the working people and with these two formidable weapons he is still laying lustily about him as we go to press. More power to his arms and strength to his heart, and may he never seek rest while a single Mckinley prices, wages or tin-plate liar is abroad with an unbroken skull. In his weakness they attacked him and showed not mercy, with malice in their hearts towards all the people. Will not the country be well rid of the slanderous demagogues? Now that the day of retribution is come, mercy is only another name for treason; so press forward, mighty warrior, and heed not the guilty, terror-stricken cries of the flying wretches, but keep up the pursuit and slaughter till the voice of the calamityite is heard no more in this fair land of ours.

UNDER THE SHIELD OF PROTECTION.

Returns from 45 establishments of Massachusetts engaged in the manufacture of pianos, organs, etc., have been published. They show that manufacturers increased their investment in 1890 over 1885, 39.69 per cent., purchased and used 50.84 per cent. more materials and paid out 39.83 per cent. more in wages. There was an increase in the number of workmen employed of 29.24 per cent.

—For representatives to the legislature the republicans have nominated John Hamilton, of State College, and A. A Dale, Esq., of Bellefonte, both of these men are Americans born on the soil but this alone would not qualify them to represent us in the state legislature. Both of our candidates are educated men, but this alone would not do; both of these men are moral men, this alone though would not answer; both of these men are temperate men, this alone however would not make a good law maker; both of these men are christain men and although this last quality alone might not do to make a good representative, yet all these qualities combined make a man in every quality fit and competent. If you want good men for office you will vote for Dale and Hamilton to represent Centre county at Harrisburg.

NOVEMBER JURY LIST.

The Names the Wheel Turned Out in Its Last Revolution.

Special term which will begin November 21:

Wm. R Hopkins, forgeman, Howard.
Edward Thomas, laborer, Snow Shoe.
Martin Kane, laborer, Spring.
Peter Asp, merchant, Philipsburg boro.
W T Speer, carpenter, Bellefonte.
Geo. D Johnston, farmer Howard boro.
Jeremiah Brumgart, farmer, Miles.
Clayton Witmer, carpenter, Bellefonte.
Robt. Cincaid, laborer, Philipsburg.
Eugene Heverly, clerk, Spring.
Hiram Lee, laborer, Potter
James Munson, merchant, Philipsburg.
J G Heberling, undertaker, Ferguson
J H Deibler, clerk, Millheim.
James Wiser, laborer, Worth.
W D Dukeman, clerk, Bellefonte.
Frank Reynolds, laborer, Rush.
Leonard Stover, farmer, Haines.
Thos. R Bathurst, laborer, Boggs.
Kirk Batey, laborer, Rush.
John Curtin, gentleman, Bellefonte.
F W Shamp, laborer, Walker.
Wm. Rossman shoemaker, Howard boro.
L C Bullock, carriage maker, Milesburg.
A J Gorton, laborer, Philipsburg.
Emanuel Sweeny, farmer, Ferguson.
E C Zerby, farmer, Penn.
Andrew Boone, laborer, Curtin.
Henry Brokerhoff, merchant, Bellefonte.
W C Fulton, clerk, Boggs.
A J Tate, farmer, Ferguson.
Andrew Korman, farmer, Gregg.
Albert Calhoun, laborer, Rush.
John Love, laborer, Patton.
D S Erb, merchant, Ferguson.
Green Heaton, farmer.

GRAND JURORS—FIST WEEK.

D M Burlew, shoemaker, Liberty.
James Ebach, laborer, Philipsburg.
Samuel Durst, farmer, Potter.
A V Hoyt, civil engineer, Philipsburg.
Jonas Confer, laborer, Gregg.
Thomas Taylor, laborer, Milesburg.
James Boyer, Jr., laborer Boggs.
Ira F Davis, undertaker, Huston.
T R Dubbs, miner, Rush.
Geo. H Musser, farmer, Benner.
C L Gramley, teacher, Miles.
S J McClintic, laborer, Potter.
Wm. M Allison, gentleman, Gregg.
David Lower farmer, Gregg,
Abe Weber, merchant, Howard boro.
Lawrence Uugent, laborer, Snow Shoe.
Jacob G Meyer, gentleman, Haines.
John Gentzel, farmer, Walker.
Jno T Neidigh, laborer, College.
Geo. B Ream, shoemaker, Gregg.
Reuben Gramley, gentleman, Miles.
Charles Swartz, merchant, Potter.
E C Cooke, coal dealer, Bellefonte.
John G Hess, gentleman, Ferguson.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIST WEEK.

O C Peters, laborer Boggs
E W Bracht, teacher, Penn.
Mitch Cunningham, tobacconist, Bellefonte.
John Bechtol, farmer, Liberty.
Andrew Fetzer, farmer, Boggs,
W J Dale, farmer, Benner.
John Kelley, laborer, Half Moon.
Wm L Zellers, druggist, Bellefonte.
E P McCormick, coal operator Philipsburg.
Walter O'Brien, farmer, College.
S H Kunes, farmer, Liberty.
Wm Hoy, laborer, College.
Wm Hour, laborer, Philipsburg.
Austin Dale, farmer, College.
Samuel Ryan, superintendent, Bellefonte.
Wm McDowell, farmer, Marion.
Fred Schenck, farmer, Liberty,
Peter Coyler, sawyer, Rush.
D W Gerber, blacksmith, Liberty.
John Mulfinger, dentist Spring.
J Newell McCalmont, farmer, College.
John Harshberger, laborer, Snow Shoe.
John Erb, merchant, Philipsburg.
Robt. Vonada, laborer, Penn.
Isaac Thomas, gentleman, Bellefonte.
John Ocker, farmer, Miles.
Thomas McCafferty, laborer, Bellefonte.
Geo Wolfe, teamster, Philipsburg.
Charles Rashau, farmer, Miles.
Philip Wertz, farmer, College.
Henry Humphrey, laborer, Philipsburg.
H M Stewart, farmer, Huston.
Charles Rapp, laborer, Snow Shoe.
Mitchell Deb, plasterer, Spring.
D C Kellar, farmer, Potter.
Henry F Confer, farmer, Howard.
V J Bauer, merchant, Bellefonte.
Liniumin Wingert, plasterer, Penn.
Jno H Stover, farmer, Union.
E E Knarr, painter, Millheim.
Warren Ward, clerk, Ferguson.
Elias Bressler, laborer, Miles.
George Hall, farmer, Union.
Jere Winkleblech, farmer, Haines.
C B Sandford, justice, Philipsburg.
John Roan, laborer, Spring.
John Ardell, lumberman, Bellefonte.
Samuel Sankey, laborer, Philipsburg.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Jacob E Snyder, dentist, Liberty.
Geo. B Roan, undertaker, College.
Newton Hess, farmer, Ferguson.
Sidney Miller, laborer, Spring.
Lynn Korman, carpenter, Penn.
James Poorman, carpenter, College.
Frank Galbraith, jeweler, Bellefonte.
Henry Meyer, laborer, Spring.
Edward Lucas, gentleman, Unionville.
Charles Gummo, farmer, Patton.
John W Bartges, painter, Bellefonte.
Thomas Moore, jeweler, Bellefonte.
Samuel Sproll, farmer, Walker.
John Bodle, laborer, Huston.
Richard Laughton, forman, Snow Shoe.
Robt Welch, laborer, Taylor.
Thomas Fanger, laborer, Howard.
Eugene Mecker, farmer, Burnside.
Henry Wagner, laborer, Snow Shoe.
H D Yerger, mason, Bellefonte.
Hezekiah Hoy, farmer, Benner.
R A Beck, barber, Bellefonte.
E E Heverly, farmer, Howard.
D A Boozer, sadler, Centre Hall.
W C Bell, pattern maker, Spring.
W C Patterson, farmer, College.
Linn Harding, laborer, Rush.
A M Black, laborer, Rush.
Philip Fehrer, farmer, Patton.
W W Leech, farmer, Harrison.
W E Fisher, farmer, Boggs.
Peter Hockman, farmer Walker.
Horace Kauffman, farmer, Spring.
Samuel Cowher, laborer, Worth.
Lafayettee Mulholland, machinist, Bellefonte.
Wm Boal, lumberman, Potter.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE VETERANS.

There is one paragraph in Gen. Harrison's letter which should be printed in bold-faced type wherever the flag floats over a living veteran or the friends of the dead or a veterans grave. It is this:

The Union soldiers and sailors are now veterans of time as well as of war. The parallels of age have approached close to the citadel of life, and the end, for each, of a brave and honorable struggle is not remote. Increasing infirmity and years give the minor tones of sadness and pathos to the mighty appeal of service and suffering. The ear that does not listen with sympathy and the heart that does not respond with generosity are the ear and heart of an alien and not an American. Now, soon again the surviving veterans are to parade upon the great avenue of the national capital, and every tribute of honor and love should attend the march. A comrade in the column of the victors' parade in 1865. I am not less a comrade now.

While this touches every patriotic heart no man, unless he was a soldie ,can fully understand how close the President comes to the veterans by such words as these. But no soldier will fail to be thrilled with its glow and strength. They will all read it with wet eyes. They have already read it from one end of the land to the other through their tears, for only so could any true man of them read it at all.

There is a tower of strength for the Republican party in the fact the candidate was a comrade of the men who brought the flag home in victory in 1865, and marched under it with them in the Grand Review.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

What difference does it make to the people of the county, whether our Associate Judge, believes in a high or a low tariff? Is it not more important what his moral character is? Is it not a more vital question what he may or may not do in the matter of granting license? Do we not want a man in this position that will so far as is in his power, guard our homes from the insiduous foe of all homes the rum traffic? While Samuel T. Gray is a republican and not a prohibitionist, he is a temperance man and should have the vote of all good temperance people. Will our interests not be safer in his hands than in the keeping of an ex-saloon keeper, no matter how clever a fellow the ex-rum seller may be? By your votes at the next election you settle this question and whether your Judge is a protectionist or a free trader will make no difference, he will have no such questions before him. But the question of granting licenses he will. Do you want licenses to sell intoxicating drinks granted to everyone who asks? If not vote for Samuel T. Gray.

IF YOU HAVE A HEALTHY STOMACH YOU ARE SAFE.

The London *Times* is printing a series of letters on cholera written by well-known physicians who are making tours of cholera infected and other places in Russia and Germany, visiting hospitals and generally studying the disease. Among the letters is one from authorities of that city and says it is due entirely to their prompt action that cholera is absent from that municipality.

The epidemic wherever it exists in Europe, is practically confined to the working classes, who are careless in their eating and drinking, and who are habitual sufferers from chronic bronchitis and indigestion. The writer of the letter adduces post mortem examination of cholera victims in St. Petersburg as proving the existence, in most cases, of old standing acute indigestion. He sums up the results of his observation thus: "It is not too much to say that healthy stomachs are cholera proof. Humanely speaking, none need catch the disease unless he or she likes."

According to a correspondent of the New York *World*, carders in the great woolen mills in Berlin, Germany, receive on the average $2,75 a week, Spinners average $2,58. And these are the wages to which the Free-Trade *World* would reduce American woolen workers.

"Business is good," says the *Financial Chronicle*, "the movement of merchandise is large and purchasing power of the people has increased," Cannot the Free-Trade Democratic National Committee put a stop to the careless admissions of these honest trade papers.

—W. T. Ackenbach, the jeweler on Alleghany St., north side has had a powerful arc light placed in front of his store which is left burning every dark night. It lights the street in that neighborhood as bright as day.

CORA, the OCTAROON

[Continued.]

"You are mad!" exclaimed Paul. "What in mercy's name mean you by these words?"

"Listen to me, Paul Lisimon, for these few minutes, bought from the vigilance of the officer without yonder door, must decide the fate of both of us. Thirteen years ago, Don Tomaso Crivelli expired in the arms of his brother-in-law, in an apartment at the end of the gallery outside this door. You have often been in that room."

"I have. It is sacred to me, for it was there my earliest friend breathed his last sigh."

"That chamber is hung with Indian embroidery of shells and feathers upon leather. These hangings are about two feet from the wall; leaving an aperture behind large enough to admit of a slender person's hiding behind the embroidery. On the night of your benefactor's death I was concealed behind those hangings."

"You, a spy? But for what reason?"

"Don't doubt that I had my reason—reasons which at some future time I will reveal. When I carried the child Camillia to her uncle's bedside I heard a few words dropped which excited my curiosity; to gratify that curiosity I concealed myself at eleven o'clock that night behind the hangings of the dying man's bedchamber. There I heard Tomaso Crivelli dictate his last will and testament to the lawyer, Silas Craig, in the presence of your father. The signature to that will was afterward witnessed by two persons, one a creature of the attorney's the other a dependent of Don Juan Moraquitos."

"But what has all this to do with me?" asked Paul.

"It may have much to do with you. That night I learned a secret—"

"A secret!"

"Yes; and one by the aid of which I can save you from shame and humiliation, and elevate you to the proudest position even your haughty spirit could devise."

"You can do all this?"

"I can."

"And you will?"

"On one condition."

"That is—"

"You renounce forever all thoughts of Camillia Moraquitos; and that in the hour when, through my aid, you are elevated to name and fortune you make me your wife."

"You—my wife!" exclaimed Paul, thunderstruck by the words of the Frenchwoman.

"Yes. Is there anything so monstrous in the proposition? I am a few years older than you, it is true. I have not the Spanish beauty of Camillia, but flattering tongues have told me that I am not destitute of the power to charm—I am no love-sick girl, but an ambitious woman, with a brain to scheme and plot a glorious future—I ask no love from you, but a share in the future to which I can elevate you. Do you refuse my offer?"

"I do," replied Paul. "Camillia Moraquitos may cast my image from her heart—may join with the rest and think me guilty; but, to the last, she, and she alone, will possess my love. Through the deepest abyss of shame and degradation I will be true to the guiding star of my life. Keep your secret, Mademoiselle Corsi; it can never be mine at the price which you propose."

"Fool!" cried the Frenchwoman, "you have refused rank, name, station, and wealth—nay, more than these, revenge! Be it so; abide by your choice. Perish in ignorance of the mighty secret which I have kept for thirteen years, and which will be a fortune to me if not to you. Rot in a jail; die in a transport ship; drag out your life in a penal settlement; Pauline Corsi has spoken for the first and last time."

She walked to the door of the apartment, and, opening it, admitted the officer."

"You see," she said, "there has been no attempt at escape." Without one glance at Paul, she descended the staircase, and returned to the chamber in which she had left heart-broken Camillia.

That night Paul Lisimon was lodged in the jail devoted to the reception of those accused of felony.

CHAPTER XIV.

AUGUSTUS HORTON TRIES TO AVENGE HIMSELF.

Upon the very day following that on which the events occurred which we have described in the foregoing chapter, the Selma steamer started from New Orleans, laden with gay and fashionable company.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when the bell rang for the starting of the vessel—a gorgeous summer's day, the sky blue and cloudless, the Mississippi dancing in the sunshine.

Amongst the passengers on board the boat were Augustus Horton, his sister Adelaide, Mrs. Montresor, Silas Craig, and William Bowen.

This latter personage had exchanged his ragged skin-jacket and patched cotton shirt for a costume which aped that worn by the fops of New Orleans.

He followed close at the heels of Silas Craig, to the evident annoyance of the lawyer, who seemed, however, unable to shake him off.

Augustus and his party were bound for Hortonville, the plantation and villa of which we have already spoken, and which was situated upon the banks of the river, some miles beyond that belonging to Silas Craig.

The attorney was also bound for his plantation, whither he was taking William Bowen, who was henceforth to act as his overseer.

Augustus Horton was elated at the success of his villainous plot. He had lodged the only rival whom he had feared in a felon's jail; he felt that Camillia Moraquitos might now be easily won; but his heart—if the profligate who yields only to the dictates of passion can be said to have a heart—was full of the image of Cora the Octoroon.

Just as the boat was about pushing off, two young men stepped on board. The first was Mortimer Percy, the second Gilbert Margrave, the young engineer and artist, who carried a sketch-book under his arm. He saluted Augustus and his sister with a grave bow of recognition.

"So! Gilbert," said Mortimer, "you come armed with your pencils and sketch-book, in order, I suppose, to catch some of the beauties of the Mississippi banks as we glide past them."

"To tell you the truth, my dear Mortimer, I have far graver reason for being here. I come to meet some one."

"A lady?"

"Yes."

"And her name is—?"

"Miss Cora Leslie."

"Good Heavens, my dear Gilbert are you in earnest? You know the girl's history?"

"I do; and in my eyes that very history renders her even more sacred than a defenseless woman must ever be to the mind of an honorable man. I received a message this morning from Mr. Leslie's old slave, Toby, informing me that his young mistress is to come on board the boat at the first station, and begging me to be there to meet her, as she might have need of my services."

"And you took the hint?"

"Gladly—proudly."

"My dear Gilbert, I'm afraid you're very far gone," exclaimed Mortimer, laughing.

Adelaide Horton's heart sank as she received the young engineer's cold salutation. She felt that he despised both herself and her brother for their conduct to Cora. Mrs. Montresor and Adelaide soon withdrew to the saloon, for the sight of Gilbert Margrave was painful to the impetuous girl.

The scene on board the Selma was a gay and animated one. In the center of the deck a German band was stationed, and every now and then some sprightly waltz or polka sounded on the summer air.

Close against one of the paddle boxes a group of eager gamblers had seated themselves round a card-table, and it was amongst these that Mr. William Bowen planted himself, while Silas Craig conversed in an undertone with Augustus Horton.

Gilbert Margrave and Mortimer Percy stood near the side of the vessel talking on indifferent subjects.

Presently the bell rang again, and the steamer stopped at the first station, which was situated at a short distance from Gerald Leslie's plantation.

"Miss Leslie knows nothing as yet of the fatal truth," said Gilbert. "I tremble lest she should ever learn it."

"Then tremble for her to-day on board this steamer," replied Mortimer, "these people know all, and they are pitiless."

"I shall be here to protect her, at the worst; but tell me have you any idea how it was that this mulatto Toby applied to me above all people?"

"The instincts of the despised race are strong," answered Mortimer; "he knew, no doubt, that you felt no uncommon interest in his young mistress. See, is not that Miss Leslie yonder, amongst the passengers, dressed in black?"

"It is; she is coming this way with Toby."

"I will leave you then, my dear Gilbert," said Mortimer, and pressing his friend's hand, he strolled into the saloon.

Cora Leslie was pale as a lily. Her black robes seemed to increase this almost unearthly pallor, but they could not take from her, her beauty. She advanced slowly; looking about her with a glance of terror, while the faithful mulatto followed close at her side. Presently she perceived Gilbert Margrave, who silently awaited her coming.

The crimson blush which suddenly dyed her cheek revealed how little she had expected this meeting.

"Mr. Margrave," she exclaimed.

"Pardon me, Miss Leslie," replied the young engineer," if I have ventured to make myself, without your permission, your companion upon this journey—but the hope that I might be able to render you some service has induced me even to brave your displeasure."

Cora looked earnestly at Toby; the faithful creature's eyelids fell beneath that searching gaze. "Ah, Mr. Margrave," she said, "it was Toby who told you of this journey?"

"Forgive me, dear young mistress," exclaimed the mulatto; "I thought that I was doing right."

"I am deeply affected with this proof of your kindness, Mr. Margrave," said Cora; "but I regret that Toby's indiscretion should have imposed upon you a task which will, as I believe, be useless."

"However that may be, Miss Leslie, it is a task which I accept with pride and joy."

At this moment the little group was approached by the captain of the Selma, whose sharp eyes had espied the dark skin of Toby amongst his aristocratic passengers.

"Hullo! what are you doing here, nigger?" he exclaimed; "don't you know your place is at the other end of the vessel?"

The mulatto retired without a word, but not without a push from the indignant captain.

"Poor Toby," murmured Cora, as she followed with her eyes the faithful slave.

"You see, Miss Leslie," said Gilbert, "the company of Toby would have been no protection to you."

"I should have gone with him, Mr. Margrave. Is not my place his? Am I not an Octoroon?"

"You know all, then?"

"Yes. Alas! I see that it was only I who was ignorant."

"A chance word from Mr. Percy revealed the secret to me, Miss Leslie, upon that very night when first I saw you."

"Oh, Mr. Margrave, I do not seek to deny my origin. See, I wear mourning for my mother, and my journey of to-day is a pilgrimage to her grave."

A couple of chairs near Gilbert Margrave were unoccupied; one of these he offered to Cora, and, taking the other, seated himself by her side.

A noisy laugh from a group on deck at this moment arrested their attention.

This group was composed of Silas Craig, William Bowen, and two or three other passengers, all gathered round Augustus Horton, who was reading a paragraph aloud from a New Orleans newspaper. The following were the words which greeted Cora's ears—

"The conduct of Mr. Leslie in daring to foist the child of one of his slaves upon the highest circles of society, merits the punishment he has met. The citizens of New Orleans have shown their indignation at his offense, by abandoning all communication with him. Gerald Leslie walks the streets of his native city a stranger and a ruined man."

"Oh, this is infamous," exclaimed Gilbert Margrave; "that man knows that you are here and he reads that paragraph on purpose to insult you. I will not endure it."

He was about to rush toward Augustus Horton, but Cora caught his arm in her slender hands and arrested his steps.

"For pity's sake," she cried; "for my sake, Mr. Margrave, not one word! The sting of the insult will be lost if unnoticed. Let him think those cruel words are unheard."

It was indeed as Gilbert Margrave, supposed. Augustus knew of Cora's presence in the boat—he had seen her with Gilbert by her side, and he was determined to be revenged upon her for the contempt with which she had treated him.

This was the planter's love. The love of the profligate who seeks to humiliate his victim in order that he may subdue her.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHALLENGE.

After Augustus Horton had read the paragraph in the New Orleans paper—a paragraph whose every line was calculated to wound the sensitive nature of the Octoroon—he looked toward Cora to see what effect the insult had had upon her and Gilbert Margrave.

They were seated side by side, and appeared engrossed in conversation, apparently unconscious of all that was passing around them. The planter threw down the newspaper with a smothered ejaculation of rage.

"Curse her!" he muttered; "is there no way to humble that proud soul? He, the Englishman, is by her side, deferential as if he were talking to a queen. No matter! my turn will come."

He withdrew to the saloon, with a crowd of friends and satellites who flocked round him as one of the richest planters of Louisiana.

William Bowen had lost a handful of dollars at the gaming-table, and followed his patron, Silas Craig, in order to obtain a fresh supply from that gentleman.

The deck was therefore almost deserted. A few passengers, ladies and gentlemen, lounging here and there, upon the comfortable benches; the ladies employed in some elegant needle-work, the gentlemen smoking; Cora and Gilbert Margrave sat apart, and out of hearing of the rest.

"Tell me, Miss Leslie," said Gilbert, as Augustus Horton left the deck, "why did you prevent my inflicting upon that man the chastisement which he so richly deserved? Why did you compel me to remain silent, and suffer you to be insulted with impunity?"

"Because I would not have you resent that which, in Louisiana, is considered a justifiable prejudice. I pardon Augustus Horton as I pardon his sister Adelaide, who was once my friend."

"Oh, do not speak of her, Miss Leslie, my contempt—"

"Nay, Mr. Margrave! it is you who are mistaken in all this. You are a stranger here, and your noble conduct of to-day may compromise you in the eyes of every colonist in Louisiana. Your place is not here by the side of me, an Octoroon; you should be with Adelaide Horton, a high-born daughter of the European race."

"If nobility of race is to be judged of by the elevation of the soul, it is you, and not Miss Horton, who can claim the loftiest birth," replied Gilbert, with emotion.

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Margrave," said Cora; "Adelaide has a generous heart, and I know that in secret she regrets our broken friendship—you, above all others, should be indulgent to her faults."

"I?"

"Yes," replied Cora, her long black eyelashes drooping beneath the Englishman's ardent gaze; "amongst all her English admirers, there was one alone for whom she felt any real regard. Do you know whom I mean?"

"No, Miss Leslie, nor do I wish to know," answered Gilbert, with energy; "for amongst all the young girls who adorned the farewell ball given by Mrs. Montresor, there was one and one alone to whom my dazzled eyes turned as the star of the brilliant throng. Do you know whom I mean?"

Cora did not answer, but a vivid blush suffused her face at the young engineer's question.

"See," continued Gilbert, opening his sketch book; "do you remember the bouquet which you left upon a side table in the anteroom. In the center of that boquet bloomed this tiny flower, which we Englishme call the forget-me-not. It is with-ed now. Say, Cora, can you forgive the hand which stole the blossom?"

The blush faded from the cheek of the Octoroon, and, clasping her hands entreatingly, she exclaimed with earnestness—

"Oh, Mr. Margrave, reflect! An idle word, idly spoken, may occasion evil of which you cannot dream. It is to your honor I appeal! You would not inflict new sorrow upon a heart already almost broken. What would that flower say? that in its brief hour of bloom and freshness Cora Leslie was admired. The flower has withered, and the hopes of my life have faded like the frail petals of that poor blossom."

"No, Cora, no! The flower has but one meaning—says, 'I love you!'"

"Me!" cried Cora, with an exclamation almost of terror. "But do you forget who I am? Do you forget that I am an Octoroon, the daughter of a slave?"

"I forget all, but that I love you."

"Do you know that in this country it is considered a disgrace to bestow an honorable affection upon a creature of the despised race, and that the shame attached to me would attach itself also to you?"

"I know all, Cora, but I love you—I love you!" cried Gilbert falling on his knees at the young girl's feet.

Cora sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Cora, you weep!"

"I do," she replied, in faltering accents, "I feel myself so despised and abandoned in this cruel country; and it is so sweet to hear words of love and consolation from—from one—"

"Ah, Cora, speak—speak, I implore!"

"From one we love!"

"Cora, my adored," exclaimed Gilbert, with rapture, clasping her hand, and seating himself beside her.

They had not been unwatched during this interview. The eyes of jealousy were upon the unconscious lovers, for Adelaide Horton had emerged from the saloon, and gliding at the back of the little table, had heard the latter part of their conversation.

She knew the worst now. This man—this man to whom she had given her heart, unasked and unsought, loved and was beloved by the despised daughter of a slave. Wounded pride, jealousy, revenge, humiliation, all mingled in the passionate emotion of that moment. Blind with anger, she knew not what she did.

By this time the deck of the Selma was again crowded with passengers. Augustus Horton still carried the New Orleans paper in his hand, and he was talking to Silas Craig about the attack upon Mr. Leslie.

"Confess now, you sly old fox," he said, laughing, "you are the author of this article? Why be too modest to own so good a work?"

Gilbert Margrave started from his seat.

"Now, Cora," he whispered, "I can not longer remain silent. I have now a right to defend you."

The captain of the Selma at this moment joined the group round Augustus Horton.

"You are talking of the article in the New Orleans *Messenger*, are you not, gentlemen?" he said.

"We are, captain," replied Augustus, "and here is the author," he added, pointing to Craig.

"Then, allow me to compliment you, sir!" said the captain, addressing Silas. "You have done a service to society, and I hope the colonists will take warning."

"That they will never do," said Adelaide Horton, advancing to the center of the group, "while you permit a mulattress to take her place on board your boat amongst the free citizens of New Orleans."

She pointed as she spoke to Cora, who had advanced with Gilbert Margrave.

There was a simultaneous movement of surprise amongst the passengers, as if a pistol had suddenly been fired upon the deck.

As Adelaide uttered these words, Mrs. Montresor and Mortimer Percy emerged from the saloon, and watched the scene which was taking place.

"What do you mean, Miss Horton?" asked the captain. "Oh! Adelaide, Adelaide," murmured Mortimer, "this is despicable!"

Terrified and ashamed of what she had done, the jealous girl hid her face in her hands and retired rapidly from the deck, followed by her aunt.

"I will tell you, sir, what Miss Horton meant," said Cora, advancing to the captain: "she would have told you that I am Gerald Leslie's daughter."

"In that case, madam," replied the captain, "you must be aware—"

"That my place is with the slaves at the other end of the steamer. Pardon me, sir, for having forgotten my real position!"

With one proudly disdainful glance at Augustus Horton, Cora slowly retired. The passengers watched her in silence, wondering how the strange scene would end.

Gilbert Margrave advanced to Augustus Horton, and addressed him in a tone of quiet determination, far more impressive than the loudest passion.

"Mr. Horton," he said; "the insult inflicted upon Miss Leslie was also offered to me, since I was by her side at the time. Whether her cause be just or unjust, I insist—you understand, sir, I insist upon an immediate reparation for an act which I consider an abominable cowardice."

"As you please, sir," replied the planter. "I shall land at Iberville."

"Enough. I also will land there."

"Why not throw the Englishman overboard?" said Craig, in an undertone to some of the passengers.

Augustus Horton overheard the words, and turned fiercely upon the lawyer.

"I allow no interference in this," he said; "the quarrel is mine alone. Percy you will be my second?"

"Pardon me," replied Mortimer Percy, "as Mr. Margrave is a stranger in Louisiana, he may have dimculty in finding any one to assist him in this matter. You will excuse me, therefore, if I give him the preference."

"As you please," answered Augustus, indifferently.

Gilbert grasped the hand of his old friend: "Thanks, Mortimer," he whispered, "your heart is generous as ever."

"Perhaps you won't mind having me for a second, Mr. Horton," said William Bowen; "I'm rather an old hand in that sort of affairs."

Augustus glanced at him with one brief look of contempt, but replied, after a pause, "Be it so, Mr. Bowen; I accept your services. This evening, then, Mr. Margrave. We meet at sunset, in the woods on the borders of Mr. Craig's plantation at Iberville."

"We shall be punctual," answered Gilbert.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN PRENDERGILLS, OF THE AMAZON.

While the Selma steamed proudly past the banks of the Mississippi, the inhabitants of New Orleans were occupied in discussion of an event which had taken place on the previous night, but which had only been discovered early that morning.

Paul Lisimon had escaped from prison.

When Silas Craig and Augustus Horton took their places on board the Selma, they little dreamed that their victim had escaped them.

Nevertheless it was so. The turnkey who visited the cell occupied by the young Mexican at eight o'clock on the morning after his arrest, found, to his bewilderment, that the dreary apartment was empty. The bars of the narrow window had been cut away, and a file, left upon the floor of the cell, told of patient labor which had occupied the prisoner in the silence of the night.

A rope, one end of which was attached to the stump of one of the bars, also told of the mode of escape.

One thing was sufficiently clear. Paul Lisimon had received assistance from without. He had been searched upon his entrance into prison, and nothing of a suspicious character had been found about him; the file and rope had, therefore, been conveyed to him by some mysterious hand.

The astonished officials of the jail looked from one to the other, not knowing what to suspect.

The escape seemed almost incredible; for, in order to regain his liberty, the prisoner had not only to descend from the window of his cell, which was thirty feet above the prison-yard, but he had also to scale the outer wall, which was upward of twenty feet high, and surmounted by a formidable *chevaux de frise*.

How, then, had Paul Lisimon accomplished a feat hitherto unattempted by the most daring of criminals?

None suspected the truth of the matter. None could guess at the real clew to the mystery!

Paul Lisimon had neither descended from the window of his cell, nor scaled the outer wall of the prison. He had walked out of the jail in the silence and darkness of the night, and in five minutes from leaving his cell found himself in the streets of New Orleans.

The person who had effected this miraculous escape was no other than the jailer, who had charge of Lisimon; and this jailer was one of the most trusted functionaries of the prison.

Sir Robert Walpole said that every man has his price; this man had been richly bribed by a mysterious visitor, who had gained admission to the jail on the evening of Paul's arrest.

The rope and file had been used in order to blind the governor of the prison to the real deliquent.

At daybreak on the morning after his imprisonment, Paul Lisimon found himself free in the streets of New Orleans, but utterly ignorant as to the mysterious being to whom he owed his release.

The jailer had refused to give him any information about this person.

"I know nothing of the business," the man said, "except that I am well paid for my share in it; and that I shall be a ruined man if I am found out."

Paul Lisimon was free!

He was free; but he stood alone in the world, without a friend—branded a thief—cast off by the protector of his youth—an escaped felon!

He hurried toward the lonely and deserted quay. Despair was in his heart, and he yearned to rest beneath the still waters of the Mississippi.

"There, at least," he murmured, "I shall be at peace. Camillia now believes me innocent, and she will weep for my memory. Were I to wait the issue of a trial, which must result in shame and condemnation, she might indeed, as the Frenchwoman insinuated, learn to despise me."

Heedless of all around him, absorbed in gloomy meditation, Paul Lisimon was some time unaware of the sound of a footfall close behind him; but as he drew nearer to the water side this footstep approached him still closer, and presently, in the faint gray light of that mysterious hour, betwixt night and morning, he beheld the long shadow of a man's figure upon the ground beside him.

He started and turned round. As he did so, a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a deep bass voice exclaimed:

"What do you want with yonder dark water, my lad, that you're in such a hurry to get to the river side?"

Paul shook the man's hand away from his shoulder with a gesture of anger. "By what right do you question me?" he said; "stand aside and let me pass!"

"Not till we have had a few words, my jail bird," answered the stranger.

"Jail bird!"

"Yes, mate, jail bird! you've no need to carry it off so fiercely with me. A file and a rope, eh? to blind the governor of the prison, and a good-natured turnkey to open the doors for you. That's about the sort of thing, isn't it?"

Paul Lisimon turned round, and looked the stranger full in the face. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, upward of six feet high, dressed in a thick pilot coat, and immense leather boots, which came above his knees. The pilot coat was open at the waist, and in the uncertain glimmer of the morning light Paul Lisimon caught sight of the butt end of a pistol thrust in a leather belt. The stranger's face had once been a handsome one, but it bore upon it the traces of many a debauch, as well as the broad scar of a cutlass wound, which had left a deep welt from cheek to chin.

"I know not who you are," said Paul, after looking long and earnestly at this man, "nor by what right you have interested yourself in my fate; but it is evident to me that you have had some hand in my miraculous escape of to-night."

"Never mind that, comrade," answered the stranger, linking his arm in that of Paul Lisimon, and walking slowly toward the quay. "You're free and welcome, as far as that goes; but I don't think, after an old friend had taken a good bit of trouble to get you out of that thundering jail yonder—I don't think it was quite fair to go and try to chuck yourself into the water."

"You, then, were my deliverer?"

"Never you mind whether I was or whether I wasn't. Do you know what it cost to get you out of prison?"

"No."

"Well, near upon a thousand dollars, my lad."

"And you paid this money! You, an utter stranger to me, bribed my jailers!"

"Never you mind about that, I say again; those that paid the money for you didn't grudge a farthing of it. As to being a stranger, perhaps I'm not quite that."

"You know me, then?"

"Fifteen years ago I knew a little, curly-haired, black-eyed chap, who used to play about the gardens of a white-walled villa on the banks of the Amazon, and I fancy that you and he are pretty near relations."

"You knew me in my childhood; you knew me in the lifetime of my earliest and dearest benefactor."

"I did. It was only last night that I came ashore, and the first thing I heard in New Orleans was, that Mr. Paul Lisimon had been arrested for the robbery of his employer, one of the land sharks your genteel folks call lawyers. Now, we seamen are not fond of that breed, so I wasn't sorry to hear that for once a lawyer had been robbed himself, instead of robbing other people, so I asked who this Mr. Paul Lisimon was that had been too many guns for his employer, and they told me that he was a young Mexican, who had been brought up by Don Juan Moraquitos. Now I happen to know a good deal of Don Juan Moraquitos, and I had never heard before of Paul Lisimon; but I had heard of a little curly haired lad that was once a great favorite with Don Tomaso Crivelli, and Don Tomaso had been a good friend to me. So that's why your jailer was bribed, and why you stand a free man in the streets of New Orleans this morning."

"My generous friend," exclaimed Paul, "this is all so much a mystery to me that I know not how to thank you for your goodness."

"And I tell you that I want no thanks, so let's talk of business. In the first place what made you so anxious to get to the water just now? I thought there was blood in your veins that never yet ran in those of a coward."

"A coward?"

"Ay, youngster; the man who has no better resource when he's down in the world than to make away with himself isn't worthy of another name."

"And what right had you to suppose that I contemplated suicide?"

"The right of a good sharp pair of eyes, my lad. But come, once more to business. Do you see yonder craft at anchor there, to the right of the harbor?"

Paul looked in the direction to which the stranger pointed, and perceived the trim masts of a lightly-built schooner.

"I do."

"Then you see one of the fastest clippers that ever sailed. No rotten timber, but green oak and locust from stem to stern, with not an inch of canvas that isn't meant for speed. Don't talk to me about your steam vessels; lumbering old Noah's arks, that can't go a good space without bursting up and sending every soul to tarnation smash. See the Amazon fly before the wind, and then you'll know what fast sailing is."

"And you, my friend, are you one of her crew?" asked Paul.

"I'm her captain, mate. Captain Prendergills—a sailor by profession, a rover by choice, and a privateer for plunder."

"A privateer?"

"Yes. You don't think the word an ugly one, do you? Now listen to me; you can't go back to Villa Moraquitos, can you?"

"No."

"And you and Don Juan have parted company for a long spell?"

"We have."

"Very well, then, why not join us? I have more reasons than one for taking an interest in you. You can't stay in New Orleans, for by eight o'clock this morning your escape will be discovered. I've a fancy that you'd make a smart mate on board yonder vessel. Will you come?"

"I will," answered Paul, grasping his new friend by the hand, "You at least trust me—you do not fear to take me on board your vessel, though the hand of suspicion is upon me, and men have called me thief. Providence seems to have raised you up, as if by a miracle, to preserve me from disgrace, despair, and death. I am yours for good or evil; in weal or woe I will serve you faithfully."

CHAPTER XVII.

REVELATIONS OF GUILT.

Don Juan Moraquitos was one of the first to hear of the escape of Paul Lisimon. The reader must remember that the Spaniard knew nothing of the infamous plot devised by Silas Craig at the instigation of Augustus Horton. He believed his protege to be guilty of the crime imputed to him.

He had a secret reason for rejoicing in the disgrace of the young Mexican, and he had a still stronger motive in seeking the destruction of Paul, since he had begun to suspect the attachment between Lisimon and Camillia.

He hurried to his daughter's apartment, in order to inform her of Paul's escape from prison.

"Now, Camillia, what think you of this haughty youth who so proudly declared his innocence?" said Don Juan, after relating the account he had just heard of Lisimon's escape.

"I think as I have ever thought," answered Camillia.

"That he is innocent?"

"Yes!" replied the Spanish girl.

"Strange, then, that he should have fled," said Don Juan; "the innocent man generally awaits to meet the issue of his trial; it is only the guilty wretch who flies to hide himself from the avenging power of the law he has outraged."

Pauline Corsi had been present during this brief dialogue, but she had remained silent, with her fingers busy with the rainbow silks of her embroidery, and her eyes bent over her work. She raised them, however, as the Spaniard uttered those words and looked him full in the face.

"The guilty do not fly, Don Juan Moraquitos," she said quietly.

The Spaniard started and looked at Mademoiselle Corsi with a rapid, but furtive glance.

"They sometimes remain for years upon the scene of their guilt. They defy the laws which they have outraged, and triumph in their undiscovered and successful villainy."

Don Juan laughed mockingly, but a close observer might have detected an uneasy quiver of his mustachio-shaded lip.

"Mademoiselle Corsi appears to speak from experience," he said. "She perhaps knows such people?"

"I *have* known such people," answered the Frenchwoman in the same quiet tone in which she had first addressed Don Juan.

"They could be scarcely desirable acquaintances for the instructress of—"

"The daughter of so honorable a man as yourself, Don Juan," said Pauline, as if interpreting the thoughts of her employer.

While this conversation was going forward between Mademoiselle Corsi and the Spaniard, Camillia Moraquitos had strolled out on to the balcony, to escape the watchful eye of her father, and to conceal the relief she felt in her lover's escape. Pauline and Don Juan were, therefore, alone. Their eyes met. There was something in the glance of the Frenchwoman which told plainly that her words had no common meaning.

For some moments the gaze of Don Juan was rooted upon that fair face and those clear and radiant blue eyes—a face which was almost child-like in its delicacy and freshness, and which yet, to the experienced eye of a physiognomist, revealed a nature rarely matched for intelligence and cunning.

Don Juan crossed the apartment to the curtained recess in which Pauline Corsi was seated, and, placing himself in the chair opposite to her, grasped her slender wrist in his muscular hand.

"There is a hidden significance in your words," he said.

"Can you not read their meaning, Don Juan?"

"No."

"You cannot?"

"I cannot," he answered defiantly.

"Say rather that you will not," replied the Frenchwoman, scornfully. "You fear to commit yourself by an avowal which may seem like a confession of guilt. Shall I tell you the meaning of those words?"

"Yes."

"You are a brave man, Don Juan Moraquitos, you do not fear to hear the truth?"

"I do not."

"Then listen to me. Those words have a relation to an event which occurred thirteen years ago!"

"My memory is no longer that of a young man," answered Don Juan; "I cannot remember all the events which happened at that date."

"Perhaps not; but you can remember the death of your kinsman, Don Tomaso Crivelli?"

This time the Spaniard started as if an adder had stung him. The cold perspiration broke out upon his bronzed forehead, and every vestige of color fled alike from cheek and lips.

"I see you *do* remember," said Pauline Corsi. "You remember the will which was made on that night. The will which was witnessed by two men; one of them a sea-faring man whose name I know not as yet; the other, William Bowen, then captain of a slaver. You remember the sick man's confession. You remember his dying prayer, that those dear to him should be protected by you; and lastly, Don Juan Moraquitos, you remember the draught mixed by Silas Craig, and which your wife's brother, Tomaso Crivelli, took from *your* hand, two hours before his death?"

"How could you have learned all this?" gasped the Spaniard.

"I know more than this!" replied Pauline Corsi. "When the faint gray of the wintry dawn was stealing through the half-open shutters of the sick chamber, Tomaso Crivelli lifted himself from his pillow in the last agonies of [illegible]"

[Continued Next Week.]

Professional Cards.

JOHN KLINE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. 16-17-tf

CLEMENT DALE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Crider's new building corner of Allegheny and High streets. 16 45 tf

J. G. LOTZ,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Hon. Judge Hoy 16-17-tf

S. D. RAY,
Attorney-at-Law,
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or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.
Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately.
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Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use
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Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is
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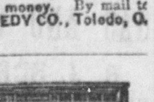
Before. After. Loss.
Weight 230 lbs 205 lbs 75 lbs
Bust.... 43 in. 33 in. 10 in.
Waist.. 42 in. 31 in. 11 in.
Hips.... 53 in. 40 in. 13 in.
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Harmless, and with no starving, inconvenience, or bad effects. For particulars address, with 6 cents in stamps,
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Caste.

A story just published in the Indian newspapers gives some idea of what caste means in that country. It appears that some time ago, in the neighborhood of Fyzabad, a man of the Ahir or cowherd caste was carrying a young calf home on his shoulders, when, by some accident it slipped down and broke its neck. The Brahmans declared him to be outcast and sentenced him to the severest form of Hindu excommunication for six months. They further told him that he could not have committed a greater sin than causing the death of a cow, but, taking into consideration that he was an uneducated man, they would deal very leniently with him. During the period of excommunication he was ordered to lead a life of mendicancy, and, with a rope round his neck and a piece of the calf's tail on his shoulders, he was to perform pilgrimages to different Hindu shrines. The members of his family were forbidden to supply him with either shelter or food, under a penalty of undergoing similar excommunication. The Ahir recently returned to his village, but until after the purification ceremonies he must live in a temporary grass-thatched house which has been erected for him. A man of one of the lowest and most degraded castes has been selected to purify him. A barber, after shaving the delinquent and paring the nails of his hands and toes, will make over the hair and nails to the low caste attendant, who will burn them and also set fire to the hut. Then the Ahir is to be covered with cow dung, after which he will take a plunge into the river Sarju and come out purified. Even then he will not be readmitted into caste fellowship until he has feasted fifty Brahmans and 100 of his brethren.

Sympathy Misplaced.

A few years ago the writer was on a train on an Indiana railroad, and in front of him sat a woman in deep mourning. When the conductor came through she told him that she had no money nor ticket, that her child was lying at the point of death at Elkhart, and that she was trying to get to it. She begged and entreated the conductor to carry her to that point, where, she said, she had friends who would pay him well for his trouble.

"You must pay your fare or get off the train," said the conductor, bluntly.

"You certainly will not be so inhuman as to keep me from reaching my dying child?" said the woman, as the tears came to her eyes.

The conductor reached for the bell-cord as the engine whistled for a small station. The passengers began to grow indignant, and there was talk of a collection to pay the woman's fare, when the conductor, taking the woman by the arm, said in a loud voice: "This woman is a spotter. Seven years ago she caused the discharge of several conductors on the Lake Shore road, to whom she told this story and who carried her free. I regret to say that I was one of the conductors, and I do not propose to be caught again."

Without a word, the woman got up and left the train when it stopped, and the indignation of the passengers melted away as she disappeared.—*Indianapolis News.*

To His Mother.

In a recent book on "Woman Through a Man's Eyeglass" the author pays this beautiful tribute to his mother, to whom he dedicates the volume: "When one has reached middle life and the wheels of existence need oiling with the encouragement of affection; when one is wounded and weary, he seeks again the steady starlight of a mother's love. * * * For a man who is growing old, with neither wife nor child to bring him greetings on his birthday, I can conceive nothing more awful than to have no mother who shall say, 'Bless you, my son!' while in so doing she happily remembers, in a gentle autumn mood of love, all that full flowering summer love with which she greeted him on that first birthday."

Played a Cool Game.

There was one man at Shasta Basin in those old days who could and would both work and play cards. That was James R. Keene. I think he was always called "Jim Keene." though the long, kindly, and brilliant letters I have had from this man have always been signed James R. Keene.

He was editing a paper at that time, poor, persecuted man, and I at last forced him to tell me, as many an honest man has since, that I could not write poetry. But he had and still has a great big heart in him for any one who is willing to work and try to get on, whether in Wall street or elsewhere.

No, I never played cards with Jim Keene. I never saw him turn a card in my life, though the boys up there used to say that when the young editor sat down at a game he generally got up with all the dust in sight. But bear this distinctly in mind, he was an Englishman, with an Englishman's ideas of play; besides that, he had both hands full of other employment. And bear in mind, furthermore, that I don't say, except as I have heard, that he ever tossed a card at all in that stout-hearted style while in California. But I am certain if he did play with the Oakhursts and loungers of dear old Shasta he "played them out of their boots."—*Joaquin Miller.*

Christening a Town.

According to a local tradition, probably invented, Sayville, L. I., received its name in a peculiar fashion. The settlers were gathered in debate upon the shore trying to agree upon a name for the place, and one after another proposed his suggestion with "Say, how'll this do?" After many suggestions had been rejected, some one, barren of imagination but sensitive of ear, proposed the oft-repeated word "say" be made the first syllable of the name and that ville be added as the second syllable. The idea took, and, says the legend, then and there the settlement was christened Sayville.

ÆSTHETIC BIRDS.

Some of Them Build Play Houses and Adorn Them.

The most remarkable instance of æstheticism among birds, in the opinion of *Chambers' Journal*, is that exhibited by the Australian bower bird, who build long galleries in which to play, adorning them with shells, feathers, leaves, bones, or any colored or glittering object which comes in their way. Captain Stokes described one of these birds as taking a shell alternately from each side of the bower and carrying it through in its beak.

Lumholtz describes several of these play-houses of the bower bird; he says they are always to be found "in small brushwood, never in the open field; and in their immediate vicinity the bird collects a mass of different kinds of objects, especially snail shells, which are laid in two heaps, one at each entrance—the one being always much larger than the other. There are frequently hundreds of shells, about 300 in one heap and thirty in the other. There is usually a handful of green berries partly inside and partly outside the bower."

In his interesting book, "Among Cannibals," Lumholtz describes a play ground of what would appear to be different species of this bird, showing even greater esthetic taste. He says:

"On the top of the mountain I heard in the dense scrubs the loud and unceasing voice of a bird. I carefully approached it, sat on the ground, and shot it. It was one of the bower birds, with a gray and very modest plumage of the size of a thrush. As I picked up the bird my attention was drawn to a fresh covering of green leaves on the black soil. This was the bird's place of amusement, which beneath the dense scrubs formed a square about a yard each way, the ground having been cleared of leaves and rubbish.

"On this neatly-cleared spot the bird had laid large, fresh leaves, one by the side of the other, with considerable regularity, and close by he sat singing, apparently extremely happy over his work. As soon as the leaves decay they are replaced by new ones. On this excursion I saw three such places of amusement all near each other, and all had fresh leaves from the same kind of trees, while a large heap of dry, withered leaves was lying close by. It seems that the bird scrapes away the mold every time it changes the leaves, so as to have a dark background, against which the green leaves make a better appearance. Can any one doubt that this bird has the sense of beauty?"

Infant Prodigies.

The innumerable tales of infant prodigies that are in existence are all invented and kept alive by stupidity. It must have been a very stupid man who invented the famous "Infant of Lubeck," which knew the book of Genesis before it was 1 year old, and could repeat the whole of the Pentateuch before it had reached 18 months. The infant was born during the eighteenth century and he has long ago passed from maturity to the grave; but its memory still lives, because they are always plenty of stupid people to believe and repeat the story. Such people, it is to be supposed, are sufficiently numerous to form audiences for the infant phenomena of the present day. They do not appreciate the difference between good and bad music or a good and a bad recitation, but they can appreciate the fact that what seems to them a difficult feat for an adult must be a marvelous feat for a little child. Therefore they marvel and are happy. But, for all that they will not buy a book by "Margaret, aged 9," because they do not consider that the writing of books, even under those conditions, is a difficult feat.—*The Spectator.*

In Kansas there are four cities in which the vote of the women is larger than that of the men.

The Bite of a Snake.

The heads of most of the venomous snakes, including the "rattlers," bulge just beyond the neck. Without exception they have fangs, either always erect, or raised and laid back at will. The fangs are long, sharp-pointed teeth, with a hollow groove running their entire length. At the root of each fang is a little bag of poison. When the snake bites, the motion presses the poison-sac, and its contents flow down through the hollow in the tooth into the puncture or wound. The harmless little forked tongue is often spoken of by the uninformed as the snake's "stinger." Now, there is no propriety in the name, as the poisonous snakes do not sting, but *bite*, their victims. There is no creatures, even if brought from foreign countries where "rattlers" do not exist, but will halt and tremble at the first waning sound of the rattle.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, with others, has been making experiments with the venom of different serpents. He has found that, aside from its poisonous qualities, it contains living germs, which have the power of increasing enormously fast. So, you see, when an animal is bitten, these tiny bits of life, entering with poison, cause harmful action to begin almost at once. Dr. Mitchell has found that the nervous center controlling the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if he cut off a snake's head, and then pinched its tail, the stump of its neck turned back, and would have struck his hand had he been bold enough to hold it still—*St. Nicholas.*

A Plague of Foxes.

Rabbits are generally supposed to be the principal pests in Australia, but foxes seem now to have taken their place. According to Australian papers these foxes are unusually large and strong, and, owing to the mild climate, are enabled to increase with alarming facility. They carry off lambs as well as poultry, and their ravages are already so great that the authorities are convinced that unless stringent measures be taken they will soon spread themselves over the entire country.

Lamp-chimneys cost so little that we let them go on breaking. We go on buying and grumbling.
What should we do?
Get Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass;" they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.
They are fine, well made, exact; they fit the lamps they are made for; stand upright; the shade is right; they make a right draught for light; they are uniform. Both bear a label for your protection. Look for it.
Be willing to pay a nickel more and stop this constant expense and annoyance.
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IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.
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PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Physicians Couldn't Cure. X
SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889.
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for eight months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUENNEFELD.
DELHI, Ont., Jan. 14, 1891.
My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy." JOHN GRANT.
BROCKTON, Mass., June 17, 1890.
About a year ago I noticed my right hand continually shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect. * * * After using three or four bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest remedies.
THOS. O'REILLY.
FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
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AND
NEURALGIA.
CURES IN A DAY
A New and Wonderful Discovery
which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
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Write for treatise and testimonials.
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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M.
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		6 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	6 45	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.9	6 45	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	6 56	9 28	4 36
Eagleville—f	9.9	6 59	9 26	4 40
Howard	14.5	7 07	9 44	4 59
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	7 14	9 48	4 55
Curtin	19.9	7 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	7 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	7 35	10 25	5 29
Milesburg	26.5	7 45	10 35	5 39
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	7 46	10 10	5 29
Unionville	28.5	7 55	10 45	5 47
Julian	32.5	8 05	10 59	5 59
Martha	37.9	8 15	11 26	6 29
Port Matilda	40.4	8 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	42.7	8 28	11 36	6 13
Fowler—f	46.9	8 39	11 49	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	8 33	11 52	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	8 40	11 56	6 25
Vail	51.2	8 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.9	8 48	11 46	6 32
TYRONE	54.3	8 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
			EASTWARD	
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.8	8 02	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 05	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 54
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 13
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 16	9 49
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 13	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 33	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 15
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	P.M	A.M	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
5 08	4 31		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 26	10 21	8.8	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 26	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.6	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.8	Marengo f	13.0	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 15
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 40
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.10 a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R.
To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	Eastward a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar..LEWISBURG..Lv	5.20	9.10	5.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv..LEWISBURG..Ar		9.10	5.25
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.24
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.53	5.29
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
15.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.58	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.05	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.19	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.35
49.2	8.54	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.26
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.29
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.43	3.14
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.05	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD						WESTWARD				
12	10	8	1	2		1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	pm	pm	pm
6 35		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 50		10 30		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 25		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 05
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale		7 19		5 16	
	5 43		8 12		Mattern		7 24		5 20	
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown		7 29		5 23	
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank		7 35		5 30	
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

	WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily		11 25	p m
" " Harrisburg	"	3 33	a m
" " William'sport	"	7 10	a m
" " Jersey Shore	"	7 31	a m
" " Lock Haven	"	7 55	a m
" " Renovo	"	8 55	a m
" arrives Erie	"	3 40	p m
GRA EX, l'ves Phila week d'ys		8 50	a m
" " Harrisburg	"	12 00	m
" arrives at Wmsport	"	3 20	p m
" " Lock Haven	"	4 10	p m
" " Renovo	"	5 15	p m
" " Kane	"	9 20	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 20	p m
FAST LINE leaves Phila. week days		11 40	a m
" " Harrisburg	"	3 45	p m
" " Williamsport	"	7 10	p m
" arrives at Lock Haven	"	8 02	p m
" " Renovo	"	9 00	p m
NEWS EX. l'ves Philadelphia		4

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary, "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley, "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro.	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg "	1 W S S Grissman	Philipsburg
" "	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
" "	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover, Philipsb'g	
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg " E P,	Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	J. K. McMullen	SnowShoe
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

MOSHANNON ITEMS.

Miss Estella Brown has been sick but we are glad to record the fact that she is recovering.

Miss Maggie Flanigan made a pleasant call at Mrs. Walkers on Saturday.

Dawwell Murphy from Peal visited his parents on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hondershell visited friends at Moshanon on Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Walker and son George have been visiting friends in Moshanon.

Miss Dollie Yeager was visiting friends at Snow Shoe last Thursday.

Miss Mary E. Murphy from Peal visited at Moshanon last week.

Maggie Kerins who had the misfortune of cutting her foot last week is now able to walk again.

Mr. Lonison is very ill with a sore arm.

William Kerins, killed a large rattle snake one day last week.

MOSHANON TERMS.

[We wish our Moshanon correspondent would sign his or her name to this correspondence not for publication but so they may come within our rules; also for the reason that we sometimes want to write to our correspondent. Send us your true name.—ED]

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

George Jones, of Port Matilda, and Anna Brown, of Martha Furnace.

Charles R. Brown, of Millheim, and Anna B. Wolfe, of Madisonburg.

Thomas J. Ocker and Annie H. Hubler, of Rebersburg.

Sylvester Brady, and Mary C. Bakney, both of Mill Hall, Pa.

G. H. Bartley, of Hublersburg, and Sallie Swabb, of Zion.

Elmer Royer, of Millmont, and Mable Kerstetter, of Millheim.

G. C, Markle, of Harrison township, and Annie E. Rossman, of Pleasant Gap.

Albert Reggleman, of Martha Furnace, and Ida May Beckwith, of Hannah Furnace.

Thomas A. Poorman, of Marsh Creek, and Lucy Brower, of Union township.

Elmer W. Ebery and Minona Whitehill, of Lemont.

REAL ESTATE NEWS.

D. L. Zerby, executor, to John H. Woomer, lot of ground in Millheim borough; dated Sept. 6, 1892.

Wm. C. Duncan and wife to John V. Foster and others, lot of ground in Penn township. Consideration $4150; deed dated November 28, 1864.

Moshannon B. and L. Assosiations to Emma E. Reeder, lot of ground in Philipsburg; deed dated Sept. 1, 1892.

Chas. E. Emerick executor, to Rebecca Emerick, lot of ground in Potter township; deed dated Sept, 1, 1892.

William Musser and wife and others to Jacob Sanders, lot of ground in Penn township. Consideration, $200; deed dated Sept. 10, 1892.

Annie S. Thompson and others to K. V. Carpenter, lot of ground in College township. Consideration, $1800; deed dated April 1, 1895.

SOUND ADVICE FROM SHERMAN.

The Veteran Leader Addresses His Fellow Republicans.

Necessity of Organization and a Close Personal Canvass.

A Strong Presentation of the Republican Policy of Protection and a Severe Arraignment of the Democracy's Free Trade Plank of the Chicago Convention by a Tried and Experienced Statesman.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 21.

That veteran statesman, John Sherman responded with surprising vim and spirit when he was asked to chat about the outlook of the national campaign. Every Republican can find sound advice in his interesting talk.

"The Republican party need have no fear of the outcome of this presidential canvass if proper steps are taken to organize their forces and clearly present to the people the vital issues of the campaign," said Senator Sherman deliberately. "From what I understand, the management of the Republican national organization is in skilled and trusted hands, and with the very able and forcible presentation of the Republican side in the president's message we may congratulate ourselves on having started out so well.

"There should be no delay in beginning the work of organization. Where clubs are already organized they should seek to extend their influence, to gather in new members, to find out those persons in their respective communities who are Republicans or who incline to support the Republican ticket, and to give them the opportunity of joining the club and of participating in its efforts. Where there are signs of disaffection, of factional difficulty, or even of a want of proper interest, that sort of personal work should be undertaken which will bring the right influences to bear for the removal of every source of embarrassment.

JOHN SHERMAN.

Advice to Republicans.

"Success can only be guaranteed by close, compact and complete organization, and then by personal effort on the part of all those citizens who believe that the country is better off under a Republican than under a Democratic administration. Let those who so believe get together in their various communities. Let them talk over the issues of the campaign with their neighbors. Let them equip themselves for a discussion by a careful study of the Republican newspapers and Republican documents. If they hear a Democratic argument advanced which they are not sufficiently informed to answer let them write to the state committee or to some good Republican newspaper, and find out what the facts really are. Many things have occurred to prove that the administration of Benjamin Harrison has satisfied the people, that they regard him as a man of sterling honesty and high ability, who has given the country a clean, pure, efficient and sufficient government.

"What about the tariff and its bearing on the present canvass?" the veteran statesman was asked.

That Democratic Free Trade Plank.

"As to that," replied Senator Sherman, as he moved in his chair, crossed his legs and smilingly addressed the interviewer, "of course, you know I am decidedly in favor of a protective tariff, that is a tariff act framed with a view not only to secure ample revenue for the support of the government, but with a distinct purpose to encourage and protect all productions which can be readily produced in our country. I do not believe that a tariff framed under the doctrine now announced and proclaimed by the Democratic party in its national platform can protect and foster our home industries. Mr. Tilden and the men of his school believed that the old doctrine of the Democratic party, proclaimed in former national platforms and supported by the declarations of Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, was a wise and constitutional exercise of national power. This doctrine has been abandoned and denounced by the Democratic platform recently adopted by the Chicago convention. A tariff framed in accordance with this new doctrine would be confined simply to levying revenue duties, excluding the idea of protection, and that is the purpose and object of the men who made the platform and of the men in the Democratic convention that adopted it by a large majority. Such a tariff might be levied exclusively on articles we cannot produce in this country, such as sugar, coffee and tea.

The Fairest and Best Tariff.

"I have believed that as to certain items in different tariffs we have gone beyond the line of protection which is necessary to foster American industries. A few rates have been adopted that I think will exclude competition between foreign and American productions, and secure a monopoly to the American manufacturers. This I do not believe to be a wise policy. There are some details of the McKinley tariff bill that may be subject to this objection, but, on the whole, it is the fairest and best tariff, not only for revenue but for protection, that has had a place on our statute books. The tariff plank of the Republican convention at Minneapolis is the clearest statement of the extent of protection favored by the great mass of Republicans of this country. The actual result of the McKinley bill has been not only to give to all American industries reasonable protection, but has increased our foreign trade, enlarged our exports and our imports, and greatly encouraged and added to all kinds of American productions, whether of the field or of the workshop."

NEW YORK FASHIONS,

Bright Colors; Poplin Plaids: Walking Skirts Millinery: Colors.

(By our special correspondent.)

Brilliant colors and pronounced patterns are leading characteristics of expensive wool novelties for fall and winter wear. A remarkable imitation of natural moss in gray, brown or green, has lozenger shaped colored satin figures, placed two or three inches apart always in strong contrast, and while this material appears very heavy, it is soft and light to the touch. A new fabrick in plaids called by some writers "poplin plaid" is very peculiar, differing materially from other plaids. A corded ground is woven in stripes of two widths and two dark colors. Two narrow bright colored silk stripes, about a half inch apart run lengthwise and crosswise forming large squares, sometimes thickly covered with colored silk stitches of specks, and sometimes plain. This material varies in price from $2.50 to $5.00 per yard, and Parisian material, both straight and on the bias.

THE TINY SPECKS

below mentioned are quite a feature in new goods, and a very delicate vine in rows about three inches apart, parallel with the selvidge, on a ground powdered with specks is one of the choicest fabrics of the season. All kinds of corded or striped stuffs are stylish, and rough camels hair materials in mixtures and also in stripes have again come into vogue. Cheviots, homespuns and other mottled goods will be much used for morning, varying in price from $1.00 upwards, and beautiful self-colored wools in fancy weaves (winter crepons) at $1.25 a yard are very desirable, being suitable for many different occasions.

WALKING SKIRTS

will clear the ground, and the bell skirt remains the popular favorite. Sleeves are very large, the "leg o' mutton" shape, or a full puff to the elbow or half way there, the lower part fitting very closely. Plaided, striped, velvet or plush materials will be used for sleeves, and it is predicted that ere long, two and a half will be the requisite quantity for one sleeve. As the full styles show a continuance of long waists, the R. & G is undoubtedly the corset of the hour, being so graceful in its outlines that those who understand the true art of dress, prefer it above all others. Lightly pointed waists with corselets and girdles remain in favor, and jacket fronts, or fancy jackets that do not conceal the waist, are on many new gowns. The coat bodice comes up again with a rich silk vest or waistcoat and sometimes a belted back.

COLORED FELTS

are large small and medium-sized, with flaring fronts, broad brims or no brims at all. Pointed crowns and also those in contrast are very fashionable, as a white felt may have a crimson crown and *vice versa*. Turbans are much in vogue for young people, at the same time however those shapes having wide brims are equally so. Velvet, plush or Astrakhan plush are prominent among trimmings, and wide colored ribbons with plush cordings and ostrich tips are combined on light colored felts with elegant effect. Alsatian effects prevail to a great extent, still a high cluster of tips or aigretts, impart peculiar style. Trimmings are both high and low ten inches being the extreme height. Bright-colored silks or satin linings with plain velvet are in great favor, and Rhine stone buckles or pins are indispensable.

COLORS

are very bright, crimson entering largely into stylish combination. Green is the leading color and plum in many rich shades combines charmingly with yellow. Navy blue is still a good color and "old blue" appears in new fabrics. Tans and grays retain all their former popularity, and pink is seen in several shades.

VERONA CLARKE.

CLEARFIELD COUNTY'S FIRST PHYSICIAN.

John F. Meginness, "John of Lancaster" of Williamsport, was circulating about in this section last week looking up the history of Clearfield county's first physicians. Samuel Coleman was the first, and located in the section of this county known as Grampian Hills, he having given this section the title it still bears, locally, although partly disfigured by the postal authorities by dropping the "Hills." Dr Coleman lived and died a sort of a mystery to his neighbors, and when he died he requested that he be laid to rest in the centre of a large field without a stone or any kind to designate his resting place. Some of the exact (?) histories of Clearfield county quote Coleman as having been given 300 acres of land by certain parties when the records of this county show that he paid $3 per acre or $900 for this land. He was buried in his best suit of clothes, hat boots and spurs.—Clearfield *Republican:*

The latest ebullition of Henry Watterson, the great exponent of Democratic Free-Trade, reads as follows: "Down with the thieving duties of the custom houses; down with the swindling reciprocity treaties; down with the cant about the wage earners; down with the fraud that taxes make wealth; down with all the fallacies of Protection, and up with the starry flag of the Union, Free-Trade and Sailors' Rights!" The next thing in order is another letter from Buzzard's Bay explaining all about the Democratic love for American interests "dependent upon existing laws."

WAR ECHOES.

EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF COMMANDER MR. NOYES.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR G. A. R. VETERANS IN THE COUNTRY.

A WONDERFUL THING AND WE BELIEVE IT TO BE TRUE.

He escaped being killed in battle.

But he came dangerously near death since.

This in brief is the experience of Past-Commander David Noyes of Manchester, N. J.

That Mr. Noyes is a most popular and honored citizen is evident from the fact that he has been elected five different years commander of Neno Post, No. 84, G. A. R., that he is a Free Mason of high degree, a Justice of the Peace, Ruling Elder and Treasurer of the Presbyterian Church, a member of the Board of Education and has been sent as delegate to county, state and congressional conventions. The word of a man so highly honored at home must carry the greatest conviction and weight throughout the country. His story is interesting.

"For over 27 years, since the close of the late war I suffered from dyspepsia, paid out hundreds of dollars but got no relief.

"I suffered from heart disease for 6 years, was carried out of church and from my work three times, and for the past two years was unable to do any work whatever.

HON. DAVID NOYES.

"I was told by my physician that I never could get well.

"I was also paralyzed on the right side from my hip down, and suffered severely with lumbago and a trembling of the hands.

"I took Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and feel entirely cured of all these troubles and feel like a well man.

"I could not sleep on my right side for years, now I can sleep well and eat anything.

"It has proved to be a wonderful remedy for me and I am a living witness to testify to the truth of my statement. It is the grandest medicine ever made, and all my friends are amazed at the cure."

Postmaster Edward F. Larrabee and Wm. Montgomery, master mechanic New Jersey Southern R. R., both of Manchester N. J., have known Mr. Noyes for 25 years, and are familiar with all the facts about wonderful recovery.

We can only say in commenting on this case, that it is truly marvellous what this remarkable remedy will do in curing disease. It certainly makes most astounding cures, and we do not wonder that, as druggists tell us, the demand for it among the sick is enormous. Its price is only $1, and it is purely vegetable and harmless. Another thing which gives the people the greatest confidence in it is that it is prepared by Dr. Greene's of 35 W. 14th St. New York, who is an eminent specialist in nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted by all free of charge, personally or by letter.

TONS OF ROCK FALL IN MORRIS'S QUARRY AT TYRONE---ONE MAN KILLED.

About eight o'clock on Tuesday morning September 13th, says the Tyrone *Herald*, at the ballast quarry of A. G. Morris, just north of the main line tracks of the P. R. R. at Tyrone Forges, there was an awful fall of rock. The cracking of the supporting ledges was followed by the loud roar of the massive pile as with a crash the heavy burden of rock with earth capping, descended to the quarry floor. The dust was thick and impenetrable by sight, while rocky missiles from the tumbling heap flew in every direction. One hundred thousand tons of limestone had dropped. One man had been buried beneath the heap, while three score more had escaped miraculously from a fearful death.

The quarry is a large one and its face extends along the hillside several hundred feet. There had been no blasting done there for three months, and the large force of men were still engaged in taking out the stone loosened in the last shooting. The face of the quarry, which extended to a height of sixty feet, presented the appearance of a solid mass in which was neither break nor evidence of weakness. Except upon the very summit there was no earth, but stratum overlaid stratum of the solid stone. There having been no recent wet weather and no blasting having been done, it is difficult to understand why the mass of rock broke. The men did not hesitate to work at any place about the quarry as not the slightest danger was thought of. The cause of the break remains a strange mystery.

James Caldwood's crew of sixty men were working directly below the overhanging mass of rock. The cracking sound which gave only a few seconds' warning of the break, began at the extreme south end of the face of the quarry, and the men had sufficient time to beat a hasty retreat, before the falling mass should reach them. There were eight horses and carts in the quarry. The men left their tools and ran for their lives, driving out the horses successfully also. Clouds of dust arose a moment later and no one of the excited party could tell what had become of his fellow workman.

When the dust had cleared away a census of the workmen was taken. All were found safely in shelter except John Hamody, a Polander, aged about 55 years, for whom diligent search was made, but he could not be found. One of the workmen then said that he had seen Hamody come out with the rest of the men, but after he had reached a safe place the man was foolhardy enough to return to the dangerous locality to secure his tools. He grasped some of them and attempted to escape, the mass coming upon him, when he was struck by a rock and fell. He was not seen again, and was likely crushed beneath the huge pile.

A large force were at once put to work clearing away the heaps of stone, in search for Hamody's body. As fully 100,000 tons of rock fell into the floor of the quarry this is no small undertaking and it may require many hours yet to reach the spot where the unfortunate Polander was struck down. Nobody else was seriously injured though some of the men were scratched and bruised and one had his ankle sprained, in their hurried stampede from the quarry.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Cloverseed, fair to good	7.50
do prime and extra prime	8 00
do choice	8.40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10.00
" prime timothy "	12.00
" choice " "	15.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	12
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	30
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	35
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the Estate of B. Franklin Garbrick, deceased; Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Centre County to make distribution of the balance in the hands of his Administrators of said Estate to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties interested at the Office of Clement Dale, Esq., in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Tuesday, Oct. 4, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. when and where all parties interested may attend, or be debaned coming in on said fund.

J. A. HARPER
26--3t. Auditor.

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A young man or woman who desires to become a Telegraph operator, may hear of an unusual opportunity to learn by addressing W. W. DUNLAP, 606 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23 24 4t

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Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or Goitre From her 10th year, causing 40 Years great suffering. When she caught cold could not walk two blocks without fainting. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla And is now free from it all. She has urged many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have also been cured. It will do you good.

HOOD'S PILLS Cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

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The Celebrated "Clauss" Bread, Cake and Paring Knife Manufacturers want agents in every locality to handle these knives. Best thing in the market. Present agents clear from $10 to $15 daily. Send $1.00 for sample set. THE CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Fremont, O.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

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At his yard near Passenger station sells only
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Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland
COAL
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KINDLING WOOD.
AND
Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw
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FOR SALE.—A Truss for children from two weeks to four years old. Pronounced by one of the best physicians in Bellefonte to be the best article known for the use it is intended. Will not hurt the child or prevent it from growing, and is waaranted to cure the trouble. Apply to Charles Garrett, No 230 S. Spring street, Bellefonte. Prices reasonable V23 No27 tf

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3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.
The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.
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HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

THE STATE CANVASS IS WELL UNDER WAY

Talk with Chairman Reeder on the Changes in the Official Ballot.

THE FORM NOW ACCORDING TO LAW

Governor William McKinley to Pennsylvania Republicans.

The Distinguished Champion of Protection Addresses a Large Meeting in Somerset and Accepts an Invitation to a Monster Tariff Demonstration in Philadelphia, the Great Manufacturing Center—President "Jack" Robinson Chats About the Club League's Coming State Convention.

[Special Correspondence.]

PHILADELPHIA, September 21.

Radical changes having been made in the form of the official ballot under the new election law, as the result of Republican State Chairman Reeder's objections to the ballot originally prepared, the instructions to voters could not be sent out this week from the state headquarters. A sample ballot has just been received from the office of the secretary of the commonwealth and revised proofs of the instructions have been sent to the printers. Copies will be ready for distribution before the end of the week.

Attorney General Hensel quickly saw the force of General Reeder's criticism of the sample ballot that had been sent out through the state and declared the form to be contrary to the requirements of the law.

Chairman Reeder Satisfied.

"My only purpose in raising a question as to the correctness of the form of the ballot first submitted," said Chairman Reeder this afternoon, "was to avoid possible complications after the election. There was no thought on my part of gaining any partisan advantage by a change in the ballot. I desired to know if the form prepared was strictly in accordance with the provisions of the act, and if it was not to get a ballot that was.

"Our party has too much at stake to permit any doubt in this matter. To have an adverse decision in the courts on a question of legality of the ballot after the election might mean serious loss to the Republican party, possibly a doubt as to the election of our electoral ticket."

Maine Teaches a Lesson.

The large falling off in comparison with previous years in the total vote in the recent election in Maine, where the Australian ballot system was tried for the first time, has impressed the Republican leaders here with the fact that extraordinary efforts will have to be made in this state at the coming election to get the party vote to the polls.

Many citizens will, it is thought, be loth to show their ignorance of the new method of voting at the first election. With some it will require considerable persuasion to get them to come out to vote. As soon as specimen ballots can be had, the party workers should get to work and instruct their neighbors how to mark them to vote for the Republican candidates. It is suggested that attention be directed to the new system of voting at all the Republican club gatherings and mass meetings from this on.

Speakers' Bureau Busy.

This has been a busy week for the speakers' bureau at the Republican state committee headquarters. Nearly every county has sent in a long list of dates for which meetings are being arranged, with requests that speakers be assigned for them. There have been enthusiastic and well attended meetings during the last few days at Scranton, Bedford, Somerset, Milton and a dozen smaller towns. Ex-Secretary Robeson, happening to be resting at the springs, was drafted into service on the stump at the Bedford meeting, and made a strong and ringing speech. Last Saturday night's meeting at Somerset was a grand affair, with Major William McKinley the star speaker. There was a large turnout. Many Democrats went to hear the great champion of protection. Josiah D. Hicks, of Blair, who was nominated last week to succeed Congressman Scull, also addressed the meeting.

Governor McKinley Will Speak.

The good fortune of citizens of Somerset in having Major McKinley at their meeting was due to the fact that a relative of the Buckeye state's distinguished governor who lives in Somerset induced him to run down there from the convention of the National League of Republican clubs at Buffalo.

Philadelphia Republicans are congratulating themselves over the fact that Governor McKinley has agreed to speak in this city in the Academy of Music next Friday evening on "The Issues of the Campaign." It promises to be a monster meeting. It will be given under the auspices of the Manufacturers' club. Naturally the tariff will be the principal theme of Governor McKinley's discourse. In this great industrial center, where on every hand are evidences of plenty and prosperity, the result of the fostering system of protection, beneficial alike to workingmen and manufacturer, interest in this grand tariff meeting is widespread.

A big demonstration has been scheduled for next Saturday night at West Chester. Nearly 1,000 uniformed members of the Young Republicans of this city will go down on a special train on the invitation of ex-Congressman Smedley Darlington. West Chester Republicans have promised to entertain them royally. Congressman John B. Robinson, Dr. Snyder, nominee for state senator, and all the candidates for representatives in Chester county will address this meeting.

The Club League Convention.

A corps of clerks have been busy at the state headquarters of the Republican League of Pennsylvania, in this city, for the last ten days arranging for the state convention of the League, which will be held next Wednesday, the 28th inst., at Williamsport.

Congressman John B. Robinson, president of the State League, attended the national convention at Buffalo, and on his return made a glowing report of the success of that gathering.

A Talk with "Jack" Robinson.

"We had a very enthusiastic convention, although the attendance was not as large as at some previous national conventions," said he. "The zeal and activity shown in league work and for the ticket exceeded any previous meeting. The mass meeting in Music hall was a magnificent affair. Governor McKinley made the speech of the evening. I have listened to him very often before, but never heard him make such a great speech. In many points and statistics it was entirely new and very strong. I shall be busy at these headquarters every day this week preparing for the Williamsport convention, which is going to be the best convention ever held in the state. Over 180 clubs have already paid dues and elected delegates and alternates and will be represented, and there will be many visiting members from each club.

"The clubs that paid dues at Scranton and were not admitted, but will have representation this year, will make the regular roll of clubs much larger than that of the Scranton convention. The Williamsport local committee are very active, and making the most generous preparations for a grand reception of the members of the convention and their visiting friends. There will be a great many clubs elect their delegates and pay dues before the end of this week. Clubs generally will leave for Williamsport on the 27th inst., the day before the convention."

Local Republican club men expect to be well represented at Williamsport, and indications point to a very large convention.

Emerson Collins, chairman, and George S. Lenhart, secretary of the committee of citizens of Williamsport, have made special trips to this city in arranging for the convention.

A new and excruciating funny man has made his appearance in Pennsylvania. He is the editor of the Mauch Chunk Democrat. Recently the spell of humor took possession of the intellectuals of this editor man and inspired him to write a "piece" for a New York paper, in which he reasonsd it out that Pennsylvania is today a doubtful state and as like as not to go for Cleveland. Did Artimus Ward ever work off anything that approached that as a side splitter? Did anything ever come from William Nye that equals that as a button buster? Did Eli Perkins ever equal it and was Mark Twain ever half so funny in his life? The standard funny papers of the nation have been looking for a mirth provoker like the Mauch Chunk editor for a long time. Indeed, he is the "long felt want" that we have heard so much about. Pennsylvania a doubtful state! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Everybody laugh.

CLEVELAND ON HIS KNEES.

He Has Made a Complete Surrender to Tammany.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.

It has gone out along the line of "working politicians" that there is no doubt about Cleveland's having "come down to Tammany," which means that he has given sufficient assurances to the state and local city organizations. A Tammany man said to a correspondent that what the men who had the management of the Democratic engine in New York wanted was an assurance that if Mr. Cleveland were elected they should be recognized in the management of New York affairs, and not have power put in the hands of their enemies, the Mugwumps, to injure them.

Mr. Whitney, the informant said, had made certain promises to the local bosses which Mr. Cleveland compelled him to recall. This caused a friction which was very dangerous to the party. It was merely a question whether Cleveland would yield or would lose the state. When things had got so bad that there was no deceiving himself as to the situation, he responded to their command, and went to New York to surrender. While there he promised that if elected he would recognize only the regular Democratic organizations in relation to the political affairs of the state, and would not assist or sanction any rival machine. The surrender was complete, and Tammany, the Kings county Democracy and the state central committee are satisfied.

Many independent voters, who have been consistent supporters of Cleveland for years now declare they will not vote for him. They are disgusted at his complete surrender to the most corrupt element of New York's Democracy.

WILL MAKE NO CHANGE.

Ex-President White, of Cornell, Says the People Are Satisfied with Harrison.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.

Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell university, one of the best known educators in the United States, speaking about the presidential outlook, had this to say:

"The people of the country feel that the business interests are safe under President Harrison and they fear a change. The Democrats cannot successfully meet the arguments of the Republicans on the tariff question. All of their direful prophecies have come to naught. There has been nothing of disaster, on the contrary, the prosperity of the people has been quite general. The success of the Democratic ticket would be a serious check to it, and I do not believe the people will vote to make the change."

A Democratic View of Cleveland's Weakness.

Before the Chicago convention, the Hon. Dan Voorhees, of Indiana, the "tall sycamore of the Wabash," said, quoting from an interview under date of March 26th: "I am satisfied that Mr. Cleveland could not carry Indiana since his recent anti-silver letter, no matter what might be put in the platform. The soldiers are against him and will not vote for him. They voted against him in 1888. Mr. Cleveland made a great mistake in his vetoes of pensions, and only saved the government about $47,000." How is that for good Democratic authority on Cleveland, the prophet?

Cleveland a Poor Lawyer.

"Holland," the well known New York correspondent, in a sketch of Grover Cleveland says: He has had one case in the supreme court of the United States and he lost it. He has sat as referee in several cases of great importance, and in two, at least, of them his findings have been overruled by the courts. The judges of some of our courts have made it a point to send as many cases to him as possible, and it is surmised that these are his chief business at the bar. They are frequently profitable, but they are not accepted generally by men whose standing at the bar is that of pre-eminence.

Queer Free Trade Logic.

The Democratic party is such an enemy to protection and so hospitable to calamity of every kind that no one needs to be surprised to see them objecting to measures to protect the people of the United States from the cholera itself. Every man has a right to the cholera, say they; why should the government interfere to protect him? That is as good free trade logic as will be found in their newspapers.—Detroit Journal.

A RELATIONSHIP PROBLEM.

Two ladies out walking met a gentleman; he raised his hat to one, and the other said: "Do you know that gentleman?" The other lady replied his mother was my mother's only child. The publishers of the LADIES' PICTORAL WEEKLY will give an elegant CHICKERING PIANO valued at five hundred dollars to the first [illegible] telling the relationship existing between the gentleman and lady speaking last An elegant suit of PARLOR FURNITURE, valued at two hundred dollars will be given for second correct answer. A first class combination ladies or gentleman's BICYCLE valued at one hundred and thirty-five dollars, will be given for third correct answer. An elegant suit of BED-ROOM FURNITURE, valued at seventy-five dollars dollars will be given to fourth correct answer. Ten elegant GOLD WATCHES (good movement) will be given for each of the next ten correct answers, and a VALUABLE PRIZE will be given to EVERY Person that answers this problem correctly. We are publishing the very best and handsomest Ladies' Weekly publication for the price on the continents it equals all the high priced weekly publications, and our object in awarding these prizes is to introduce it into new homes and make permament subscribers. We guarantee that every person answering this problem correctly will receive a valuable prize that will enable us to secure their friends as subscribers. Every one Answering must enclose one dollar for a six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORAL WEEKLY. which is published by a perfectly reliable firm. Prizes will de sent promptly and just as represented. Contestants should answer to-day as date of post-mark counts and this advertisment appeared all over the country on the same day. Prizes will be sent free of customs duty. Address LADIES PICTORAL WEEKLY, "H" Toronto, Canada.

The Rev. Dr. Geo W Miller formerly past or of the Methodist church at Bellefonte at present pastor of Independence Avenue M. E. Church, Kansas City, Mo., but soon to become pastor of St. Andrew's New York city, will deliver his celebrated lecture on "Pluck" in Tyrone, on Thursday evening, September 29th, under the auspices of the Second Methodist Church of Tyrone. The next evening Sept. 31 he delivers the same lecture in the Fifth avenue Methodist church at Harrisburg and will occupy his pulpit in New York for the first time on Sunday October 2nd.

Right or Wrong.

Which will you have? It does seem as if some folks prefer to have the last condition of the liver rather than the first. They perpetually dose themselves with purgatives totally without virtue as alteratives of liver trouble. Hostetter's Stomacx Bitters is the successful candidate for the people's choice, and yet, popular and well known as it is, there are unfortunates who keep on trying the drastic remedies of former days. It is to the intelligent portion of the public that the well known and long tried properities of the Bitters appeal. Reason should be guided by experience in the matter of medication. "The best guide to our feet is the lamp of experience," said a great patriot of the early revolutionary period, and the exclamation is pregnant with truth. For over a third of a century the Bitters daily has met with the endorsement of people suffering from liver complaint, malaria,

Rev. Thomas S. Wilcox is arranging for a course of lectures in the Methodist church of Philipsburg. The course is to include Bishop Newman with his great lecture, "A thousand miles on horseback up the valley of the Euphrates," Chaplain McCabe on the "Bright side of life in Libby Prison;" President George E. Reed, and others.

A LEADER.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Tatisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my Cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

The Epworth League of Stormstown held a picnic on Friday, September 9th, in which they were joined by the Sunday school, of the Methodist church, and by the Odd Fellows and Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Stormstown. A delightful time was had by all.

FEMALE WEAKNESS,—SURE CURE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, DR. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 Genessee St., Utica, N. Y. 30 4t

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The Sunday papers will arrive in Bellefonte on Sunday afternoon hereafter between three and four o'clock, regular subscribers can receive then by leaving their order with Dunhamo News Depot No 7 North High St. 23—31 tf.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Methodist church of Tyrone will celebrate the tenth anniversary of their organization during the last week in September. of 1892 by the late Dr. S. McMurray.

SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

There has been considerable excitement in Bellefonte for the past month over the circulating of Sunday newspapers. Repeated threats of arresting the agent who circulated them have been made but up to this time there has been no arrest. By some it is considered a violation of law and a desecration of the Lord's day; by others, however it is argued that it is neither and that the advanced civilization of the nineteenth century demands these modern inovtations; that the law of 1794 was made before the age of steam and Sunday papers and therefore should not control the actions of men and women of to-day. Some good people, and members of churches, argue that it is not contrary to the law of God, that the Sunday paper is a necessity, that it works good and that if our Lord was on earth to-day he would give his sanction to the taking and reading of these papers; that he traveled on the seventh day, that he gathered corn on that day to satisfy his hunger when he could have got the corn by just expressing a wish to have it, even without work; that he and his followers on that day gathered corn to teach the lesson that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. That the distribution of these papers is made quietly and disturbs no one. That it is just as necessary to have these papers as to prepare a meal; that food for the mind is repuired, that these papers are the food required and that the right of Sunday readers should be respected and that while the Sunday reader does not infringe upon the rights of others his rights should be regarded. And so the discussion goes on and the Sunday papers continue to circulate. How it will all end it is not possible to see at present, although it is probable it will end here as it has in other places, in the people finally quieting down and the Sunday papers continue to go the rounds.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public auction at the late residence of Hayes Hartsock, in Huston Township one and a half miles east of Martha Furnace, on Tuesday, Oct. 21, 1892, commencing at one o'clock p. m. Cows, Young Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Hay, and household and kitchen furnitnre.

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DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

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PFNNSYLVANIA GETS A NEW INDUSTRY.

A Scotch Firm of Lacemakers Start Works in Columbia, Lancaster County.

The McKinley Bill Closed the American Market for Their Goods.

So They Had to Go Out of Business or Move Here, and Accepting the Latter Alternative, They Now Furnish Employment for American Labor and Hope for Harrison's Re-Election.

COLUMBIA, Pa., Sept. 21.

Pennsylvania furnishes the latest substantial argument in favor of the McKinley bill, and it comes right from home here in busy little Columbia, on the banks of the Susquehanna, in rich old Lancaster county. An entirely new industry hereabouts, lacemaking, with a plant driven from Scotland by the McKinley tariff, is a flourishing innovation of this year.

Among the clouds of flatly contradictory arguments and theories which are raised for and against the policy of protection in campaign discussions, it is always refreshing to get hold of a solid, unquestioned, uncompromising fact. The business history of Columbia for the year 1892 offers a series of facts which prove the truth of several of the main contentions of the Republican advocates of protection. One fact is the establishment in the borough by a Scotch firm, of a large factory for the manufacture of lace curtains, the proprietors having been compelled to move their business to this country under the stress of the conditions imposed by the McKinley tariff. If it be the noblest work of man to make two blades of grass to grow where one has grown before, it is equally a patent of nobility to make two factories rattle and hum where one has rattled and hummed before. And this is only the advance guard, the Scotchmen say. If their venture proves a success, and President Harrison is re-elected, their brother manufacturers will follow, and there will be a rush for lacemakers that will transfer the centre of the lace curtain manufacture to this country.

A Wise Business Move.

The firm of Cleland, Campbell & Co., of 19 Montrose street, Glasgow, having their factory at Darvel, in Ayershire, is one of the Scotch lacemaking firms which have sprung up in that locality since the trade union troubles blasted and scattered the lacemaking industries of Nottingham. The latter place was the lacemaking center of Great Britain, having 100 factories in the old days. Ninety-five per cent. of the lace output of Cleland, Campbell & Co. was taken up by the American market, under the old tariff of 40 per cent. ad valorem. The McKinley bill raised that duty to 60 per cent. There were already two or three lace curtain factories struggling along in Philadelphia and Scranton. The American importers had loaded up with goods just prior to the date on which the McKinley bill became a law, to avoid the higher rate of duty. Their stocks were sufficient to supply the American market, and the result was that the demand for Messrs. Cleland, Campbell & Co.'s goods in America stopped abruptly. With 95 per cent. of their market closed, it was hardly worth while to run for the benefit of the remaining 5 per cent. The alternative was presented of going out of business or of moving to the United States and getting under the protecting shadow of the McKinley tariff. The firm chose the latter course.

Mr. Campbell, the junior partner, came to this country. He got into communication with Messrs. C. C. Kauffman, S. S. Detwiler and J. W. Yokum, leading and enterprising citizens, who are active in promoting the prosperity of Columbia, and an arrangement was soon made. Cleland, Campbell & Co. became the Columbia Lace company. About $35,000 was expended on the land and buildings.

A Large Plant Erected.

The Scotchmen have brought over their lacemaking machinery, because as yet it has not been made in this country, but all the bleaching machinery and the boilers and engines are of American make. The present buildings have room for twelve sets of machinery, and as one set can turn out about 1,000 pairs of curtains a week, the capacity of the establishment will be about 10,000 pairs of curtains a week. These retail at from $3 to $20 a pair. When running full time the mill will employ about 500 men and girls. The mills run on double shift from 4 a. m. to midnight.

Mr. Cleland, the senior partner, talked freely to a correspondent. "We had to come," said he. "We were knocked out completely by the raising of the duty. America is the greatest consumer of lace curtains in the world. There are more people here than in any other country who can afford to have lace curtains in their houses. So, when the American market was closed against us there was nothing for us to do but to get inside of the tariff fence. If President Harrison is elected, as I most earnestly hope he will be, there will be lots of other concerns in our line of business who will move over also. We are loaded down with orders for months ahead, and the outlook is good for a most prosperous business in spite of the high wages we must pay. But I can't help feeling that we must make our biggest profits in the first two years, for by that time there will be a score of factories coming over here, and prices will be cut all to pieces. As to wages, we will have to pay more than double what we did in Scotland."

The cold facts embodied in this little story teach the moral that the Republican policy of protection draws manufacturers from Europe to this country and gives employment to American labor; that in the case of lace curtains, at least, it has accomplished this without raising prices; that American wages in this industry represent enormously greater power than the wages paid in Scotland; and that the benefits of the policy are felt in the smaller, quiet old towns like Columbia, as well as in the great centers of capital.

Must Gain in the Senate.

In the last senate of Pennsylvania the Republicans could not command the two thirds vote which they had had in that body for years, and they subsequently found themselves at a political disadvantage. In the next senate this loss must be recovered. This can be accomplished with ease if the Republicans will support their party candidates with loyalty and enthusiasm.

TIMELY TARIFF TALK

No Hope for Business Man, Farmer or Workingman in Democratic Triumph.

How the Situation Is Viewed in Many Quarters.

Current Comment on the Greatest Issue of the National Political Struggle, the Outcome of Which Is of Vital Importance to the Industrial and Agricultural Interests of Pennsylvania.

As the days go by and the election draws near it will become more and more apparent that the average business man, farmer and workingman must perceive that he has nothing to hope for from the triumph of the Democratic party in this campaign. Such an event would be followed by another period of unrest, agitation and attempted legislation the effect of which would be to bring great injury upon manifold interests. No matter what assurances Mr. Cleveland may try to give that he would not permit the carrying out of the plans of the free traders, without whose support he cannot hope for election, he cannot satisfy the country that there will be no disastrous war made on the protective system if his party is successful. From every possible standpoint, therefore, the Republican position is the strongest. It only remains for the managers of the Harrison campaign to use their advantage, intelligently and determinedly, to come out ahead in this great contest.

Free Traders in Trouble.

Driven from one refuge, the defender of free trade hunts another. Lately he was pretending that prices of domestic goods to consumers were greatly enhanced by new and higher duties, and he thought it proof enough to pick up occasional quotations of single articles out of many thousand, at one or two stores out of many thousand, these quotations being represented as sample bricks of the entire edifice. But the report of the senate finance committee, showing retail prices of more than 200 articles at different stores in each of seventy cities scattered all over the country, makes that line of defense particularly hot and uncomfortable. The figures given for each article at each city were the result of inquiries at ten or more stores, if so many had the article for sale, but of such summaries by cities it was found that out of 12,850 only 16.06 per cent. were higher in September, 1891, than in June-August, 1889, or about one-sixth, while all the rest had declined or remained unaltered. The rise, moreover, was mainly in articles of food, for out of 9,260 city quotations for other articles than food, only 1,177 had advanced at all, 12.7 per cent., or about an eighth, while 2,060, or 22 1-2 per cent. had declined, and the remainder had remained unchanged.—New York Tribune.

For Revenue Only.

The Democratic platform declares for "a tariff for revenue only." At the same time it declares a protective tariff unconstitutional. This last declaration is a peculiar one, in view of the fact that the men who made the constitution enacted the first protective tariff, and expressly declared protection to be one of its main objects. The doctrine that protection was unconstitutional never was heard of until 1830-32, as Webster showed in his speeches in reply to nullification in South Carolina. Jackson, following Webster, denounced the doctrine, maintained the constitutionality of protection, and also argued for it as an economic policy. The south, however, always held that it was unconstitutional, and when the Confederate government came into existence in 1860-61 it was expressly enacted in the Confederate constitution that there never should be any protective tariff. The ideas of the old south have always dominated the Democratic party, and now again, therefore, we have the declaration, through a Democratic national platform, that a tariff framed with a view to protection is unconstitutional.—Portland Oregonian(Rep.).

Protectionist Democrats Kicking.

There is another reason why the old time advocates of protection in the Democratic party do not take kindly to the free trade plank. It was an essential provision of the constitution adopted by the Confederate states. The treasonable instrument declared that taxes should be levied "for revenue only," and that no duties on imports should be laid "to promote or foster any branch of industry." No wonder our Democratic friends squirm and wriggle when brought face to face with the tariff issue as the party has defined it.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

Two Splendid Armies.

We don't know why to the 20,000 New York soldiers, who Bourke Cockran said, in the Chicago convention, would not vote for Grover Cleveland, there should not be added the army of industrious men employed in the factories of that state, who have had their wages increased to the extent of $6,000,000 in the last year under the McKinley tariff act. See the report of state labor commissioner Charles F. Peck, a Democrat holding office since appointment of Grover Cleveland in 1883.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Harrison and Protection,

The general character of the political situation, however, is in no way changed by Mr. Harrison's letter. He has simplified, affirmed and strengthened the Republican position, and furnished his party, in his capacity as its leader and candidate, with a chart for the campaign. In that chart protection is plainly set down as the one vital and paramount question of the hour. Whatever Mr. Cleveland may say will effect no change in that phase of the situation.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Warning Against a Change.

Harrison's candidacy stands for prosperity at home and peace abroad. The revival of domestic industries under the McKinley tariff is certain, and it would be a piece of inconceivable stupidity on the part of the American people to place in power the party that proposes to repeal it and to open the floodgates of foreign competion with American labor.—Norristown Herald.

Free Traders Together.

The organs of Grover Cleveland insist that he is not a free trader; but every sincere friend of free trade in the country, from Henry George down, supports Cleveland. That is significant, isn't it?—New York Advertiser.

NO WILDCAT BANKS.

The Farmer and Workingman Demand a Sound Currency.

The Policy of the Democrats Would Bring Confusion.

The President of the Farmers' Alliance Takes Strong Ground Against the Scheme Concocted by the Followers of Cleveland in Framing the Chicago Platform.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.

The more the people look into the Democratic proposition to repeal the 10 per cent. tax on state bank issues the greater becomes the fear of the results of such a course. President Livingston, of the Farmers' Alliance, in a circular letter to the workingmen of the country on the subject, relates some of his own experiences as a loser by the state bank currency system, when he was in business as a publisher, from the forties along into the sixties, by reason of the wildcat system. He goes on to say:

"The farmers' and planters' products, good as gold, should at all times be paid for with an honest dollar worth a hundred cents. No more direful calamity could befall them than a return to state bank issues—a retrograde movement of dangerous character. Such a currency, good one day and good for nothing the next, is not wanted by the farmer, whose wheat and corn and cotton are always worth gold, or its equivalent, at the hundred cents. A seventy cent dollar would cheat him to the extent of thirty cents.

The Present Currency Secure.

"The national bank currency, always and everywhere, being secured by bonds of the national government, safe as the gold itself, supplies every requirement. But to carry out the eighth plank of the Democratic platform would be a vicious and destructive act, involving the country in confusion and discredit—would tend to disestablish the best system the country ever had and return to the financial distractions of thirty-five years ago—a long step backward, resulting disastrously to capital and labor."

Mr. Livingston's circular, forcible as it is, is merely a suggestion of the multitudinous ills born of and concommitant with the miserable old wildcat banking system. The history of that system would make a volume, and the present tendency on the part of the Democrats to repeal the tax on state bank issues is doubly dangerous, because the present generation does not know that history. It has had no experience with a debased bank note currency. If men who have come upon the stage of action in these latter days understood just what the Democrats hope to accomplish by repealing this tax they would resist it even to the limit of revolution.

Death of Wildcat Banking.

Wildcat banking died in 1863 by the hand of Salmon P. Chase at the command of Abraham Lincoln. But men of an older day remember well how banks were created under special charter by every state and territory legislature. In New England and some of the older states the banks were limited to the issue of three dollars in notes for each dollar of capital. Some provisions were made for the security of the holders of their notes, but in some of the states there was no restriction on the issue of bills and no security required for their payment, and charters for the latter class were readily procured. The wildcat banker was ordinarily a speculator—trader without capital—a lobbyist, or worse, who knew how to get charters from easy going legislatures. A lumber shanty or a shingle mill served for a banking house, and business was confined to the exchange of flimsy notes for convertible property. When specie was demanded in return for them the bank failed, and as it had no assets to be looked after the banker packed his gripsack and sought fresh fields and pastures new.

His bank notes, to the amount of scores of thousands of dollars, remained in the pockets of the swindled individuals, not worth the paper on which they were printed.

Since the fulmination by the Democrats at Chicago of a plan to restore this monumental system of bad money, there have come to the members of the Republican national committee vast quantities of this old, irresponsible, valueless, irredeemable, damnable currency. The notes, from all sections of the country, have been sent in such letters as this: "If these witnesses to the danger and disaster that are bound to be the result of a resumption of the old wildcat banking system can be put to any use in urging the voters of this country to vote against it, use them. They represent commodities and labor which should have been paid for at par."

Rascality thrived under the old wildcat system.

Run on a Cash Basis.

The Democratic campaign in New York is languishing for the lack of cash. Whitney is complaining because he is compelled to carry the expenses of the great moral aggregation himself, and, as he is already out about $100,000 on Cleveland's account, he naturally thinks it is time he should begin to think of his heirs. But why should the Cleveland campaign require cash, anyhow? Wasn't it the song that the people wanted him, that the people were crying for him and that the people must have him? Why not run the campaign on "inocuous dissuitude" and Bonnaugh Klabbaugh?

That Rainbow Chasing Fund.

There has been a fatal slump to the contributions to the New York World's rainbow fund since The Sun exposed that mendacious sheet as a forger of alleged cable news and a fakir of interviews with distinguished persons. The effect of The Sun's broadside was almost instantaneous. It did not require this great journalistic exploit on the part of The Sun, however, to make the rainbow fund a failure. It was a failure from the start. People, and particularly Democrats, are not throwing their good money into a sewer this year.

Democratic Repudiation All Around.

The present campaign is developing more and more Democratic eccentricities as it creeps on apace. For instance, we witness the Cleveland mugwumps repudiating the report of Commissioner Peck, of New York, in which he proves that the McKinley bill has increased industrial wages, while we see the Connecticut Democratic convention at the instance of Cleveland repudiating the Chicago free trade plank. Next, about the 6th of November, we shall see the Democratic party repudiating Cleveland.

WONDERS OF MONTEZUMA'S WELL.

A Bottomless Lake in the Mountains Two Hundred Yards in Diameter.

Beaver creek enters the Rio Verde about a mile above the now abandoned fort. Its canon is by no means a large one, though it has some fine points. A long and rocky twelve miles up Beaver, past smiling little farms of to-day that have usurped the very soil of fields whose tilling had been forgotton when history was new, brings one to a wonder which is not "the greatest of the kind," but the only. There is nothing else like it in the world, acording to *St. Nicholas*. It has been named—by the class which pitted the southwest with misnomers—Montezuma's well.

At the point Beaver creek has eaten away the side of a rounded hill of stone which rises more than one hundred feet above, and now washes the foot of a sheer cliff of striking picturesqueness. Its outer show gives no greater promise of interest than do ten thousand other elevations in the southwest, but as one reaches a flat shoulder of the hill one gets a first glimse of a dark rift in the floor-like rock, and in a moment more stands upon the brink of an absolutely new experience. There is a vast, sheer well, apparently as circular as that peculiar rock could be broken by design, with sides of cliffs and with a gloomy, mysterious lake at the bottom. The diameter of this basin approximates 200 yards, and its depth from brink of cliff to surface of water is some eighty feet. One does not realize the distance across until a powerful thrower tries to hurl a pebble to the further wall. No one has succeeded in throwing past the middle of the lake. At first sight one invarialy takes this remarkable cavity to be the crater of an extinct volcano, like that in the Zuni plains already referred to; but study of the unburnt limestone make one give up that theory. The well is a huge "sink" of the horizontal strata in one particular undermined spot, the loosened circle of rock dropping forever from sight into a terrible subterranean abyss which was doubtless hollowed out by the action of springs far down in the limerock. As to the depth of that grewsome, black lake, there is not yet knowledge. A sounding-line has been sent down 380 feet, in a vain attempt to find bottom; and that is easily credible. Toss a large stone into that midnight mirror and for an hour the bubbles will struggle shivering up from its unknowned depths.

The waters do not leave the foot of a prependicular cliff all around the sides of that fantastic well. The unfathomed "slump" is in the center, and is separated from the visible walls by a narrow, submerged rim. One can wade out a few feet in knee-deep water—if one have the courage in that "creepy" place—and then, suddenly as walking from parapet, step off into the bottomless. Between this water-covered rim and the foot of the cliff is, in most places, a wild jumble of enormous square blocks, fallen successively from the precipices and lodged here before they could tumble into the lower depths.

A Fisherman's Life on the Banks.

The fisherman's life on the Banks and the Georges in winter is a very hard one, though they live well on board—better than on shore. They have to, that they may stand the excessive cold; and their pay is like their lives, a floating doubt. The voyage is made on shares. From the gross profits of the catch are deducted the cost of bait and ice, and one fourth of one per cent for the Widows' and Orphan's Fund. One half of the net "stock," as it is called, goes to the owners of the vessel, the other half to the crew, from which is deducted each man's share of the crew's expenses; that is, cook's wages, water, medicine-chest, etc. They sail away full of hope and with a full larder. Arrived at the grounds, they anchor in about forty or fifty fathoms, and set their trawls. These are long lines, anchored on the bottom, and extending out from the schooner many hundreds of yards. To these, at intervals of a fathom (the distance varies for different fish), are attached shorter lines. These lines have to be attended in dories, each containing two men, who haul, bait and land the fish in the boat, to be transferred to the schooner. Herein lie the danger and hardship, for the strong tides of the banks and the shoal water pile up great combing seas. The cold is cruel and the work hard. Suddenly down comes a fog, not the soft mist of summer or autumn, but a thick, heavy bank, soaked through with the penetrating cold of the icebergs further north. Horns are blown from the vessel, but every year many dories are lost. One would think that common sense, if not law, would make each dory carry a breaker of water and pilot-bread; but none do, and either experience does not teach or the fishermen like such chances, for year after year comes the same old story of a lost dory and two men starved or dead of thirst. When the fog lifts they are many miles from their schooner, and are carried by the swift tides they know not whither. Then come days of hunger and thirst; hands are frozen to the oars; madness haunts them; and then—death. Sometimes they make land or are picked up by a passing vessel, in which case they often return before their own schooner; but that great happiness is rare. Then their vessel, which so gaily sailed out past the light, comes home with her flag at half-mast.—*R. Cleveland Coxe, in the Century.*

Old Heads for Counsel.

Young Father—"I've just made a big deposit in a savings in trust for my baby boy. When he is 21 I will hand him the bank book, tell him the amount of the original deposit, and let him see how things count up at compound interest." "Old Gentleman—"Won't pay. I tried that. My boy drew the money and got married with it, and now I've got to support him and his wife and eight children."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

EMINENT FACTS.

The question is often asked and scarcely ever answered, why whiskey made now is not as pure and reliable as it was forty years ago. It is never the less a fact that it is, made purer and better to-day than at that time. With the improved methods fusil oil and other impurities are entirely eliminated. A sworn statement as to the purity, age and quality of the whiskey sold is furnished by one dealer who advertises full quarts, six year old pure Penn's Rye, at $1.00 per quart. Duquesne $1.25 per quart. Port, Sherry, Sweet California Wines at 50c. A complete catalogue and price list of all foreign and domestic liquors mailed on application by

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John, have you seen that woman lately?

John, in astonishment, what woman?

That woman in another column picking grapes for Speer's Wines, and read about it; the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and the best in the world. The Boards of Health in large cities and leading hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

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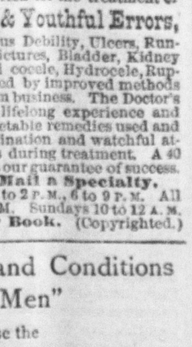
You remain at home broken-hearted, for you are utterly unable to make any effort whatever.

The horror of "Female Complaints" is upon you; you have that distressing "bearing-down" feeling, your back aches, you are nervous and despondent, don't care to move, want to be left alone, your digestion is bad, and you are wholly prostrated.

"Ah! dear sister, don't you know that Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound* will reach the cause of all this trouble, and you will surely be well.

Don't hesitate. Get the remedy at once. It will cure you sure.



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It is the cheapest blacking considering its quality, and yet we want to sell it cheaper if it can be done. We will pay

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for a recipe that will enable us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. This offer is open until Jan. 1st, 1893.

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Old furniture painted with

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(this is the name of the paint), looks like stained and varnished *new furniture*. One coat will do it. A child can apply it. You can change a pine to a walnut, or a cherry to mahogany; there is no limit to your fancies. All retailers sell it.

ELY'S Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflamation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggist; by mail, registered, 60 cts.

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Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

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Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc.

Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP.

Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water.

MISSING LINKS.

Nothing takes the soreness from bruises and sprains as quickly as alcohol.

The medical journals are beginning to take an interest in the improvement of country roads.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers until the joints crack, as a form of salutation.

A special room in the Hahnemann hospital of New York is fitted up for sick saleswomen.

An incandescent lamp without a filament is the next electrical improvement we are promised.

Statistical reports show that the value of sheep flocks is greater by $42,000,000 in 1892 than in 1870.

The constitution of Louisiana permits women to hold any office connected with public education.

Lady Jenne estimates that there are 1,803,406 domestic servants in England, of whom 1,350,000 are women.

Three of the four prizes offered to graduates of Boston high schools for historical essays were won by women.

Guineas were so named from the fact that they were first coined with gold brought from the coast of Guinea.

The number of juvenile criminals convicted in England in 1891 was less than half the number convicted in 1871.

A greyhound mother at Nevada, Mo., having had two pups carried off, dug a hole under the house and hid them.

It is calculated that within ninety years, at the present rate of increase, Australia will contain about 40,000,000 citizens.

In the Bank of England at least sixty folio volumes of ledgers are filled daily with writing in keeping the accounts.

Few lovers of Walter Scott recall the fact that he wrote five plays, none of which, however, has ever been put on the stage.

It has been computed by competent authorities that in a single cubic foot of ether there are locked up 10,000 feet of energy.

The mace of the house of representatives consists of a bundle of thirteen ebony rods entwined and bound together with silver bands.

In the Pasteur institute of Milan 238 cases of hydrophobia have been treated within the last two years and only four of the patients have died.

At Messina, Siena and three other Italian university towns the number of students is so small that there is a professor to every four pupils.

There is a lighthouse to every fourteen miles of coast in England, to every thirty four miles in Ireland and to every thirty-nine miles in Scotland.

A bill-posting machine, which sticks bills on walls even as high as fifty feet without the aid of a ladder or paste pot, is doing successful work in Paris.

It is rather noteworthy that it is the bachelors in the house of commons who interest themselves most persistently in the woman's suffrage question.

A chemist advises that canned fruit be opened an hour or two before it is used. It becomes far richer after the oxygen of the air has been restored to it.

Four different peaks in the mountains of Idaho are from nineteen to twenty-three feet lower by actual measurement than they were fifteen years ago.

Ten pairs of twins have been born to the wife of Abram Astrom, of Tompkins, Delaware county, N. Y. She is his third wife and he married her fourteen years ago.

A soda water fountain which works on the nickle-in-the-slot plan has been invented; the customer helps himself, but cannot get more than five cents' worth at a time.

"Elocute," "orate," "enthuse," "anniverse," "philanthrop" and "revolute" are some of the newspaper verbs now apparently fully adopted into the American language.

The organist at a Cardiff church found several of the notes soundless. An examination revealed the fact that six birds, including a robin, had built their nests in the pipes.

The students sent abroad by the Japanese government number six each in Germany and England, and one each in the United States, Austria, Belgium and Switzerland.

Apropos of the alleged discovery of Noah's ark on the top of Mount Ararat, it is related that Colonel Kalazko, a Russian engineer who made the ascent in 1850, found no ark there.

A converted Chinaman who promised to allow rice for a while to any mother who would spare a child who would otherwise be destroyed had at one time as many as 500 pensioners.

On the top of a church tower in Utica, N. Y., a mountain ash is growing. It is now about fifteen years old and is seven feet high. It has rooted in the cracks and crevices of the mason work.

Professor Kluge, of Jena, in an address, stated that Shakspeare, in his works, uses 23,000 words. The lecturer then showed that the old testament contained but 5,800 different words.

A Presbyterian church in Lancaster, Pa., decided to give a medal to each person who attended all the services throughout the year. Last year the sexton was the only person who won a medal.

The workers alone in the London hospitals amount to 6,000 persons, of whom some 1,300 are honorary medical officers who devote their time to the treatment of disease without fee of any kind.

The German government has expended £80,000 in building a factory at Spandau for the preserving of all kinds of provisions for the army, and about 550 operators are to be regularly employed there.

According to the rules of the New York mercantile exchange, eggs, to pass as new laid, cannot lose under the test more than ten eggs to a case of thirty dozen or twelve eggs to a case of thirty-six dozen.

A new combination washer and nut lock for railroad use has recently proved itself very useful. The nut can be released and tightened up with the greatest ease and the washer can be rinsed frequently.

To hasten the cure of a burn or scald there is nothing more soothing and effective than the white of an egg. It is contact with the air which makes a burn so painful. The egg acts as a varnish and excludes the air completely and also prevents inflammation.

Excursions to Alaska are becoming more popular every year. To American tourists, who enjoy traveling by land rather than by sea, Alaska offers unique attractions at this season of the year. Besides, it gives them a chance to appreciate the vastness of their own country.

A case of jaundice due to movable kidney has recently been reported by Dr. White, a physician in Guy's hospital, London, which throws some light upon the fact long ago observed that jaundice and gallstones occur much more frequently in women than in men, and especially in women who are addicted to tight lacing.

A barrel of wine, beer or cider contains 31 1-2 gallons, the Cincinnati lamp oil barrel has 43 gallons, the Kentucky whisky barrel from 40 to 45 gallons. In several states of the east a barrel, as a measure of articles other than liquids, is a legal fixed quantity. In a half dozen of the eastern states a barrel of grain is 5 bushels; of rice, 220 pounds; of flour, 196 pounds and of lime, 320 pounds.

DANGERS OF LONG WALKS.

Too Much Pedestrian Exercise Makes People Dull, Cross and Thin.

Few persons are aware that violent pedestrian exercise, by generating more carbonic acid than the lungs can conveniently let off, fills the system with poison and stiffens the muscles, says the London *Truth*. It is for this reason very dangerous if the heart is weak. The professional pedestrian is hardly ever lithe, whereas the equestrian is graceful, because he takes exercise without filling his blood with the poison I have just named, the immediate effect of which is shortness of breath, sometimes with a stitch in the left side. Cyclists make journeys of hundreds of miles without getting knocked up. This is because the lungs are not overstrained as in, say, a long, quick walk or pedestrian race. Alpine climbing is worse than running. It has been noticed that Alpine climbers, whose forbears were not time out of mind Switzers, begin to break down after eight or nine seasons of mountaineering and age prematurely. I am glad to know this, because I care little for mountain scenery, and feel as if in jail when Alp rises above Alp around me. The strong sunlight from dawn to dusk and the simple and reposeful horizon of the plain are far more congenial to me than the patchy lights and deep shadows of mountains. Ladies, it also occurs to me, may be interested to know that a muddy complexion is often a consequence of violent clambering of hills, the blood losing, when overcharged with carbonic acid, its ruddy glow, and the skin delicacy, in trying to aid in working off the poison. Soft, clear complexions are much more common in "rolling" countries than in high lands. The Swedish women have in this respect a great advantage over the Norwegian; and so far as I can judge from personal observation, the Ayrshire girls have more to be proud of than the Highland lasses. Those who go in for pedestrianism and lawn tennis should carefully drill their breathing organs to keep their good looks (when blessed with them), or to improve their appearance when they are not good-looking. Spirits suffer just as much as appearance from the self-poisoning process of which I have been speaking. Have you ever noticed what fearfully dull and cross beings gentlemen become after a hard day's deer-stalking.

Catching a Prairie Wolf.

One cold, windy day a party of lively young fellows driving across the prairie saw a prairie wolf making a meal from a dead horse. Bill Burns offered to bet ten to five he could catch the wolf and the bet was taken. Bill directed the driver to get as close as possible under cover of a low ridge some three hundred yards from the wolf. With the wagon concealed by the ridge and the wind in his favor, Burns began to crawl through the knee-high dead grass, which was nearly the color of his canvas coat and felt hat. The horse lay with its back toward Burns, and as it was frozen the wolf was eating from the inside of the carcass, going almost his whole length into a hole eaten in the horse's abdomen. He would go in and snatch a mouthful or two, then quickly back out and look around. It was evident that he considered "eternal vigilance the price of liberty." Each time the wolf went in Burns crawled rapidly toward it, lying flat in the grass whenever the wolf came out. In half an hour he had got within a few feet of the wolf, and, watching for a favorable moment, rose to his feet, jumped over the horse, and caught the wolf by the hind legs. To the spectators it didn't look as though Burns had more than touched the wolf when it was reels away, and went off with such a grand burst of speed that one of the boys declared he could hear it whizz long after it was out of sight. Although Burns held the wolf but an instant he was severely bitten on both arms and on one leg. His opponent claimed the stakes because Burns did not hold the wolf, but Burns said he did not agree to hold it, but to catch it; that he did not intend to hold it long enough for it to bite him, but found he could not let go quick enough. The bet was declared in Burns' favor.—*Forest and Stream.*

USES OF THE UMBRELLA.

As a Weapon of Defense It Is Not to Be Despised.

"An umbrella is one of the most useful articles that a man can carry with him," said Lamar J. Saunders, from Jackson, Miss. "One can be used in a dozen different ways. When the sun is shining hot, or when it is raining, a man without an umbrella must either remain indoors or suffer. As a weapon of defense there is nothing better. You can keep a man at his distance with one better than you could with a stick. You remember what a conspicuous part the umbrellas played in the tragedy at Homestead the other day in the hands of the infuriated women? Next to a shotgun or a pistol, there is no more dangerous weapon.

"I remember one time I was in a hotel that caught afire early in the morning. The guests were awakened by the stifling smoke and noise. My room was on the second floor, and by the time I had slipped on my pants the fire had gained such headway that all avenues of escape were closed. But there was my umbrella and a window and the rest was easy.

"Another time I was walking through a pasture when a bull with his eyes ablaze with fire made for me. I kept my senses, and when he got within about fifty yards of me I ran towards him, opening and closing the umbrella as fast as I could. The bull wheeled around and ran from me faster than he ever ran before in his life.

"And for frightening dogs I had rather have an umbrella than an arsenal."—*St. Louis Republic.*

A Parisian Dog Barber.

Further down the river, after passing the Pont des Invalides, one sees a curious little ark by the water's edge. It is like a small houseboat, and its inhabitants prove to be two men, a woman, a magpie, and a cat, also a dozen or so of dogs as transients. This is in short the dog-washing establishment of M. Marie. I took an early opportunity of visiting it to observe the manner of operating. The proprietor was very willing to talk; in fact, I think he always did all the talking, leaving all the work to his wife, and I learned from him that he clipped from ten to thirty dogs per day, that he got from 4 to 8 francs (80 cents to $1.60) apiece, and that the large breeds of dogs paid the best, while the poodle gave the most work and were paid only as small dogs. Then followed a dialogue which will, I am sure, interest those of our dogmen who have taken a stand on the Pasteur question: "I see you do not muzzle the dogs; do you never get bitten in consequence?" "Bitten!" said he, "look there," and he showed me his hands and arms slashed and scarred up to the elbows with innumerable old scars and one or two recent wounds. Then his wife showed me her hands and arms, and the assistant did the same. Each of these persons had been bitten once or twice a week for years, and yet were in perfect health. In amazement and some horror I asked: "Have you no fear of hydrophobia, or, perhaps, you take ample precaution?" "Never think of such a thing," said he. "If the wound is a bad one tie it up, if not we take no notice and it heals in a few days."—*Forest and Stream.*

Rapid Animal Motion.

The rapidity of animal motion is sometimes far greater than can be detected by the human eye. It is a favorite amusement of country boys when they can find an owl sitting on a stump in a field to walk around the bird at a considerable distance and see him "twist his head off." As the observer circles round the creature seems to follow him by turning his head and then gives the impression of moving his head continuously round in a circle. As a matter of fact, however, as soon as the owl's neck is twisted sufficiently for comfort, he turns his head suddenly in another direction, but so quickly that the eye cannot detect the motion.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

A Bright Woman Knows How to Accomplish Her Object.

Some women are brighter than others. Here is an act of one of the some, as reported by the N. Y. *World*.

It was in a big Fourteenth street dry goods store—one of those places where women push and struggle and fight to get near the counters to save the extra cent, while the wear and tear on their clothes and temper costs many a dollar.

The store had advertised a sale of black kid gloves of standard make at a big reduction. The space in front of the glove counter was packed with women, struggling to see those gloves. By dint of patient waiting one woman with bright brown eyes and clear-cut features got to the counter. She told the saleswoman her size, paid for the gloves, waited a quarter of an hour for the change, and then retired to the edge of the crowd to try on her new purchase.

She was juft getting the last few pulls on the first glove, when "crack," and the whole palm split open. Forcing her way to the counter again, the woman showed the split glove to the salesgirl.

"Can't do anything for you," was her trite answer. "We never exchange gloves."

The woman with the brown eyes didn't lose her temper. She looked for a floor-walker instead. She spied one in the thickest of the crowd at the glove counter.

"This glove has split," she said "I want another pair." She said it loud enough for all the would-be buyers to hear.

The crowd stopped buying. Some began to talk. "What a shame," and "It's a swindle," and "I guess I won't take these gloves," were some of the remarks.

The floor-walker was quick to grasp the situation.

"Give this lady another pair of gloves," he said to the saleswoman.

Value of Human Life.

The money value placed upon human life varies in our diplomatic history. It is calculated that about $20,000 of the $75,000 paid to our government by Chile will be given to the families of the two seamen who were killed at Valparaiso. The Spanish Goverment paid the United States for each sailor and citizen killed at the time of the Virginius affair about $2,500. The British Government received for each colored subject shot $1,500, and $2,500 for each white subject. In the recent instance of the Italian prisoners killed at New Orleans the United States paid to Italy a lump sum of $25,000. In 1887 four Japanese were killed and seven crippled by the explosion of a shell which had been fired against a Japanese island by the Omaha in target practice. The United States paid to Japan $14,000 for the families of the sufferers, about $2,000 for each man killed and $1,000 for each wounded.—*Boston Herald.*

Oddities About the River Nile.

The Nile has a fall of but six inches to the thousand miles. The overflow commences in June every year and continues until August, attaining an elevation of from twenty-four to twenty-six feet above low-water mark, and flowing through the "valley of Egypt" in a turbulent body twelve miles wide. During the last thousand years there has been but one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 people were drowned. After the waters recede each year the exhalation from the mud are simply intolerable to all except natives. This mud deposit adds about eight inches to the soil every century and throws a muddy embankment from twelve to sixteen feet into the sea every year. This being the case it is plain that the mouth of the river is thousands of feet further north now than it was in the time of the Ptolemies and it is only a question of time when the sediment will make a dam entirely across the Mediterranean sea.—*St. Louis Republic.*

A Leap-Year Incident.

It was a warm, moonlight night when the fireflies ever and anon were swinging their lamps athwart the bosky dells. They, the young people referred to in the following lines, were sitting on a park bench in a secluded part of the grounds.

"I do not believe you really love your pet," she said in a pleadingly inquiring tone of voice. Her head rested on his shoulder and her face was sweetly upturned to his. Fiercely pressing a half-dozen kisses on her lips he then paused, and, catching his breath, said: "It is you, I fear, who does not love your darling."

She sought to allay his doubts by returning the half-dozen kisses he had given her, and when her brain had come out of its ecstatic trance she remarked: "Then you really, truly love me?"

He answered this question with a full dozen kisses, supplemented by the words, "I swear it!"

This made her feel so happy that she kissed him something like a score of times, after which she asked still another question: "Do you love me more than you do any one else?"

The score keeper lost track of the number of kisses he bestowed upon her lips before pausing to say: "Yes, I love you a thousand times more than I do any one else."

Letting her soulful eyes gaze deeply into his own she whispered, "Oh, do you, darling; then why don't you kiss me?"

He did so.—*Chicago Times.*

An Overworked Invalid.

Doctor: "Have you tried the seashore?" Invalid: "Yes, I tried it once, but it's too hard work. Dressing and undressing are very tiresome." "I don't quite understand?" "Well, you see the doctor I had there said I must take a toddy after each bath." "Yes, but suppose he did." "It keeps me in bathing all the time."—*Texas Siftings.*

When Charlemagne and his "Knights of the Round Table" were making war on the Saracens, in Africa, it frequently happened that Knights on either side would fight in single combat for the honor of their respective armies. The Saracens had been, for many years, the scourge—the dreaded invaders—of Europe, and all waged war against this common enemy.

But in these days the worst scourge that threatens us, is that dread invader, *Consumption.*

Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an unequaled remedy.

For all diseases that arise from a torpid liver and impure blood, nothing can take the place of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing will, after you have seen what it does. It prevents and cures by removing the cause. It invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite improves digestion, and builds up both strength and flesh when reduced below the standard of health.

Sold by druggists, everywhere.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habbit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed.

48 page book of particulars free. Address Golden Specific Co., Race St., Cincinnati, O.

STORMY VACATION DAYS.

MADE PLEASANT.

Did you ever have a Vacation without some stormy days, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a short crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverley Magazine, of different dates, for $1.00 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories, jokes, etc. The same amount of reading in the trashy 15c novel, would cost you $12. Send stamp for sample. Address,

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THAT BABY OF MINE.

Auntie, three months ago had the salt rheum so bad that his h ad was a mass of sores, and I had begun to lose all hopes of raising him, but my druggist recommended Sulphur Bitters, and to-day he is as fat and chipper as any baby you ever saw, and he has not a sore on his head, and just think that after paying out so much, that a few dollars' worth of Sulphur Bitters should cure him.—*Mrs. J. C. Hall, Lowell.*

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelpha. s 24-1 y

BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR!

It won't cost you one half as much. Do not delay. Send two three-cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufmann's great work, fine colored plates from life, on disease, its causes and home cure. Address, A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

Go to the Eureka Grocery to purchase groceries; you will find attentive clerks, good goods and reasonable prices.

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To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, Dr. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y. 24 4t

Musical College—The Fall Term opens Sept 12 in Vocal and Instrumental Music. For catalogue address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg, Pa.

No 31—3t

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It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six to prevent Roup," says one customer.

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We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.20. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of The Best Poultry Paper sent free.

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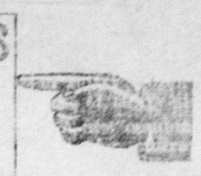

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Sick Headache and relieves all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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November 16, 1890.

Direct communication made with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at Williamsport for Philadelphia, New York and intermediate points.

READ UP		STATIONS.	READ DOWN	
No 35	No 41		No 32	No 38
P. M.				P M
1 35		Gazzam		2 25
1 27		Kerrmoor		2 33
1 18		New Millport		2 39
1 10		Olanta		2 45
1 00		Mitchells		2 55
12 20	P M	Clearfield	A M	
12 00	9 15		7 00	3 30
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 19	3 50
11 34	8 43	Bigler	7 26	3 55
11 28	8 40	Wallaceton	7 42	4 05
10 35	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
11 50	A 8 45		A 8 20	A 4 50
11 05	8 20	Munsons	7 55	4 25
10 42	7 55	Peale	8 21	4 51
10 17	7 32	Gillintown	8 44	5 14
10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 46	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 42
8 41	6 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	5 57	Wayne	10 15	7 08
8 10	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 25	7 25
7 55	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
7 10	2 56	Williamsport	11 55	11 10
11 30	11 33	Philadelphia	4 05	6 10
	10 05	New York via Easton	5 50	
7 20	8 35	New York via Phila.	8 50	9 50
P M	A M		P M	A M

Additional Trains.—Clearfield Accommodation leaves Gazzam at 8.00 a m and 6.00 p m, arriving at Clearfield at 9.15 a m and 7.30 p m.

Gazzam Accommodation leaves Clearfield at 6.10 a m and 4.00 p m, arriving at Gazzam at 8.00 a m and 6.30 p m.

Sleeping car on Through Express, both ways between Williamsport and Philadelphia (Ninth and Q en street station) daily except Sunday.

Connections.—At Gazzam with stages to and from Osmonville, Curwensville and Bell's Gap Railroad. At Clearfield with stages to and from Du Bois and Penfield. At Jersey Shore with Pine Creek Division of Fall Brook Railway. At Williamsport with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad for all points East.

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Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

The freshman class at State College, this term starts in with sixty members.

—A drunken Hungarian at Morrisdale Mines, Clearfield Co., fell on his baby one day last week and killed it. Query:— Will this experience, terrible as it is, make a sober man out of the Hun?

—Every man on the republican ticket is a temperate man. Of course they are not Prohibitionists because they are true blue republicans, but to repeat they are all temperate men and all native born Americans.

—If you want to patronize a place where you are certain to receive the most courteous treatment and be supplied with pure first class goods; go to the Eureka Grocery, High St., Bellefonte, next door to Post office.

—The state League of Republican Clubs will hold their annual meeting at Williamsport Wednesday, Sept 28. Able speakers will be present. It is going to be a lively time. There will be a great many republicans from Centre county there.

—Mr. Ed. Barry, one of the foremen at Valentine's Iron compenies works, died at his residence on north side of East High St. Bellefonte, at 10-30 o'clock Tuesday morning, after a long sickness. The funeral will be held on Saturday afternoon at half past two. We will give a more extended notice next week.

—Last Monday a son of David Thomas, near Benner Waddles of Buffalo Run met with a serious accident playing with dynamite cartridge. He lighted the fuse causing it to explode. One of his hands was very badly burned and he was struck in the side which bleed fearfully. A doctor was call who pronounced it a severe wound

—Last Thursday evening Miss Maggie Curry gave a party at her home on east Logan street in honor of her guest from Philadelphia, Miss Kate Gross, who has been visiting her for some weeks past. It was a pleasant affair, the house was crowded with guests. Miss Gross left for her home last Saturday morning.

—For district attorney the republican convention placed before the people G. W. Zeigler, of Philipsburg, one of the best attorneys of our bar. A man fully competent to fill the position; a man who will justly execute the law; an honest, upright man and one who will honor the position and give universal satisfaction, you will not go wrong if you cast your vote for G. W. Zeigler for the office of district attorney.

—There are many people in Bellefonte who were acquainted with Jacke Manasses, as he was called, when a little over ten years ago he lived in this town and there are many people who will learn with sorrow of any affliction that should come to him. Last week, Wednesday, at eight o'clock in the morning his daughter Belle died at Philadelphia, their present home, aged 24 years. It is said to be twelve years ago that Jacob Manasses left this town for Philadelphia where he resided ever since.

—A. A. Dale, Esq., one of our candidates for the legislature, belongs to one of the oldest families in this county. It was the Dales that were among the first to break the soil and make war on the old primeval forest. In the early Indian wars the blood of the Dales was shed in battling for home against savage foe; in every war and battle in state or nation a Dale from Centre county has taken part. Are not such men, or the descendents of such an ancestry, entitled to the votes of Centre county people? With such men to vote for, must you go to Europe for a representative.

—The members of the Lutheran Sunday school of Bellefonte are going to make the effort to raise money enough to furnish funds sufficient to pay for the large windows in the Sunday school room of the new church now building on corner of Linn and Allegheny streets. The amount to be raised is about two hundred dollars. Each class will take such measures to raise their proportion as they may think best. Class No. 4, Mrs. H. Y. Stitzer, teacher, will hold a sociable for this purpose at her residence on north side of East High St., to-morrow evening, Sept. 23, at which all are invited who are friendly to the project. Oysters, ice cream, cake, coffee will be served.

—Mrs. John Thomas died at Tyrone last Thursday of dropsy. Her remains were brought to Bellefonte last Saturday morning for burial. Services were held in the A. M. E. Church of this place. The pastor was assisted by Rev. Charles Garner, of the Tyrone charge. The deceased was a member of Rev. Garner's church. Many friends of the family came from Tyrone to pay the last sad tribute of respect to one who by her life and good deeds had won their love and respect. She was an earnest christain and one of the most active members of the Tyrone church. She leaves a husband and nine children to mourn their loss, Mr. Thomas and family left Bellefonte about five years ago. He has many friends here.

THE CLOSING DAYS.

Of the Grangers Picnic—The Veteran's Club Reunion.

Thursday was by far the biggest day at the Granger's picnic and exhibition at Centre Hall. Hundreds flocked to the Park on every train, in carriages and on foot until the throng present must have numbered almost fifteen thousand. And what a day it turned out to be—nice so far as weather and attendance were concerned, but nothing going on to amuse and entertain the large crowd save to see and be seen: to wander from one end of the grounds to the other, back and forward across its breadth, and look at the fakirs, the few exhibits, etc., and wonder how soon the next train departed for home. The speaking was a minor matter altogether. Among the many prominent men advertised to be present but one or two responded and the result was they spoke at almost every session and at all times on the same subject. If the management of the picnic desire to draw a crowd many more years they will have to invent some new ways of doing it. Fix up your grounds and furnish entertainment for the crowd. Have racing, if nothing else; ball playing; farmer's exhibits; offer prizes, do anything but do something or in a few years you will be compelled, from lack of attendance to do nothing.

The speakers on Thursday were Col R. H. Thomas, Col. J. H. Bingham and Hon Gerard C. Brown, of York, Pa. In the evening the crowd was entertained with a literary and musical programme given in the large auditorium tent.

Friday was Veteran's day, the day on which the Veteran Club, of Centre county held their annual reunion. Fully ten thousand people were present on this occasion. The first meeting of the day was called to order by Vice President Geo. M. Boal and the address of welcome made by Hon. Leonard Rhone, President Geo. W Atherton, of State College, responding. Committees on the next place of meeting and on officers were next appointed. An adjourment was then made till 1.30 p. m.

On assembling in the afternoon the committee on location for the next picnic reported in favor of Hunters Park. The committee on officers for the ensuing year reported as follows:

For President, Gen. James A. Beaver.
1st Vice President, Geo. M. Boal.
2st Vice President. W. C. Patterson.
Secretary, John C. Miller.
Treasurer, Austin Curtin.

A vote was taken and the above named were unanimously elected.

The treasurer reported a balance in the treasury of $512.08

The President read the letter of regrets from the following persons.

Governor Robert E. Pattison, Auditor General D. McM. Gregg, Hon. Thos. I. Stewart, Hon. R. B. Hayes, Dep. Commander Gen. J. P. Taylor, Major E. A. Montooth and Commander H H. Benner. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to speech making by the following comrades: Gen James A. Beaver, R A. Cassidy, Albert Rhinehart, Charles Ramsey, Wm. Hayes, John Hamilton, D. F. Fortney and Gen. D. H. Hastings, all which were entertaining and instructive. Mrs. Holstine, of Chester county, a nurse during the war, was introduced by Gen. Beaver and made a few remarks. Candidates McCormich Schofield and Dale were called for but did not respond.

The meeting was a large and interesting one as well as pleasant to all the old soldiers. And thus ended Friday.

Saturday all that remained to do was to pack up and go home, and this was done with a rapidity and willingness by all which showed plainly that the majority were glad the week was at an end, and thus ended the Nineteenth Annual Picnic and Exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry of Central Pennsylvania.

GAMBLERS ARRESTED.

We were surprised to learn that a lot of gamblers were arrested at the Granger's picnic, but such was the case and they were brought to Bellefonte and lodged in jail. They gave the names of Harry Smith, C. F. Kane, Charles Williams and James Johnston, which were no doubt assumed for the occasion. There were others of the same profession on the grounds but got wind of trouble and skipped in season. The parties arrested had a preliminary hearing and were remanded to jail to await trial at court in default of bail. Afterwards however it was thought best by the district attorney and the officers of the Grange to settle the matter without putting expense upon the county or going through the ordeal of a public trial. The officers of the Picnic agreeing in writing not to permit gamblers on the grounds in future and to pay all cost arising from the present trouble. We will say in this connection that we have no idea that the managers of the picnic had knowledge of the nature of the business these men proposed to pursue when they rented them the privilege of a stand upon the grounds.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church contemplate holding a fair and festival on or about Dec. 1, and all the ladies of the church are requested to furnish some kind of fancy work. Those who can or wish to contribute should make it known to Mrs. A. O. Furst Mrs. W. H. Wilson. or Mrs. S. M. Buck. The proceeds of this fair will be devoted to the use of the committee having in charge the extensive improvements now going on in the church building. It is the desire of these ladies that when the work is completed that the society shall enter again their beautiful temple with every debt paid. A laudable object in which all should engage

DEATH OF MATTIE KELLER.

DIED.—At Danville, Pa., on Sunday morning, Sept 16., 1892, at half past ten o'clock, of malignant diptheria, Miss Mattie Keller, daughter of D. S. Keller, Esq., aged about 20 years.

It is with a feeling of deep sadness that we record the death of this young lady. She was beautiful and good; she was young with the vista of life just opening before her and to be cut down so suddenly—what a calamity, what a sorrow! In saying she was beautiful and good we do not say it in any spirit of wishing to speak only good of those who have ended their earthly career, but in very truth it can be said:—

"None knew her but to love,
Nor named her but to praise."

The death of the old is not unexpected; it is in accordance with nature but the young are bound to the hearts of parents and friends by the tenderest ties and their death is something to which we find it well nigh impossible to reconcile ourselves. Only those who have followed a dear young friend—sister, brother, or child, to the grave can know what such a bereavement really means. Others can theorize, but they cannot feel.

On Friday, Sept 2, Miss Mattie, full of health and joy started to visit a friend at Danville, Pa. At Lemont she stopped off, visiting the family of Dr. Dale; from there she proceeded on her journey reaching her destination on Saturday evening On Sunday she attended church but when she returned she complained of pain in her head. She grew worse rapidly and soon her mother was sent for. Although the most skillful physicians had been called, Mrs. Keller, upon her arrival, telegraphed for Dr. George F. Harris who hastened to the bed side of the sick girl, but the combined skill of these men could not stop the determined march of the dread disease. At times it was reported she was better but the hope was delusive and finally died out and a telegram was sent that called her father to her death chamber. On Sunday afternoon a telegram was received that she had died at the hour as above stated and the fact became known to the public by the prayers offered up in all the churches.

On account of the contagious nature of her complaint she was buried at Danville on Sunday afternoon.

DIED.—At Columbia, Pa., Saturday, September 10, 1892, Mrs. Cameron Boak, aged 39 years, 11 months and 4 days. The death of the lady was recorded in last week's REPUBLICAN. She had been sick for a long time and in hopes of improving her health had left her home at Hughesville for Columbia for special treatment. The hope was vain, however, and she was finally forced to relinquish her hold on this life and leave for a short time the friend and relatives she loved so well. Her death was sudden and unexpected. She leaves a husband and two sons who will long mourn the loss of a faithful wife and loving mother. Last January her only daughter, Edith, passed to the land of spirits. She was a beautiful young lady whom all who knew loved. Now the mother has gone to join her darling and their bodies rest together side by side, their spirits roam together in the valley of shadows and they rest beside the still waters of eternal life. Mrs. Boak was a devout christian, in early life she connected herself with the Episcopal church; after she removed to Snow Shoe she identified herself with the Presbyterian church; at Hughesville she was an active maker in the Lutheran congregation; wherever she was she worked in harmony with the children of God. The end of such a life can be but peace—her crown a blessed immortality. Her body was laid to rest in Pleasant Hill cemetery, Hugherville. Her late pastor, Rev. J. A. Wirt, officiating in the last sad obsequies to the dead.

NOT DEAD.

There was a story circulated in town last week and also published in the Philadelphia *Press* that Mrs. Evans (formerly Miss Clara Milliken) had died of cholera in Germany where she was with her husband and daughter. It was alleged that a cable dispatch had been received by her uncle, James Milliken, in relation to the matter and the information seemed to come from so reliable a source that for a short time it was feared that it might be true. Upon close investigation however it was learned that Mr. James Milliken denied receiving such news and that the foundation for the mistake might be accounted for in a dispatch sent by Col. James Milliken (not Mrs Evans' Uncle) in relation to some relative of his and the fact of the similarity of names and also the fact that Mrs Evans was traveling in Europe led to the mistaken report. We are glad to state that Mrs. Evans and family are all right and that they will carefully avoid all plague striken district Mrs Evans has many relatives and friends in this county and for a day or two this rumor caused much excitment and anxiety.

—The lady who is at the head of the Presbyterian fair to be held Dec 1 is Mrs S. M. Buck, There is also a committee appointed to solicit work from the ladies.

WEDDING AT THE HOME OF JOHN T JOHNSTON --- A SURPRISE TO MANY FRIENDS.

Married—Thursday, September 16, 1892 at the home to the bride's parents on Linn street, Bellefonte, by the Rev. William Laurie, D.D., Mr Roland A. Kelly, of Butler, Pa., to Miss Lide F. Johnston, of Bellefonte.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T Johnson, one of the first families of our town. Mr Johnston has for many years held positions of honor and trust; was for many years post master of Bellefonte and we may safely say without diparagement to others one of the best officers in that position we ever had. In every position he has held he has performed his duties with such faithful exactness as to win universal confidence and trust. The family have hosts of friends in town and county but at this wedding of their only daughter only a few were present and those only relatives of the family When the event was announced it was a surprise to many, no doubt the matter was kept quite for the reason that any invitations outside of relatives would have ment a large wedding including hundreds of invitations. It was at half past three in the afternoon that the happy couple stood before the pastor and took the vow that binds them for life in a union of heart and hand. She was a beautiful bride tastefully dressed in a traveling costume of camels hair cloth. He was a manly groom, dressed in the usual elegant black, and both looked happy as their relatives crowded around them with congratulations. Beautiful flowers were placed in every room nook and corner. A luxurious repast was spread and the tables were also beautituly decorated with flowers. Numerous beautiful and valuable presents were given to the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly departed on the 5-20 train for Butler which is to be their future home May they live long and be happy is our earnest hope as it is also of hundreds of others of their friends here.

JOHN GREENLIEF WITTIER.

John Greenlief Wittier, the Quaker poet, died Sept 7, at Hamton Falls N. H. The funeral took place Sept 10th at Armsbury Mass where his body rests in the Friends cemetery beside the bodies of his relatives. All over the city flags were at half mast and public buildings were decorated with emblems of mourning.

Wittier was born in Haverhill Mass. Dec. 17. 1807. When he was fourteen he obtained a volume of Burns poems the study of which led him to write poems and stories of his own

His first published poem The Diety was written when he was seventeen years old it was published in the Newbury poet Free Press edited by Wm Loyd Garrison. His literary efforts were thereby directed against slavery and, for thirty years he was known as the anti-slavery poet. The present generation can hardly understand the effect of some of his early lyric upon the benumbed conscience of the nation. His pen became a scourge, smiting those who offended against the laws of humanity until the verses of Wittier exerted a force hardly less important than the Uncle Toms Cabin "of Mrs. Stowe. Before the publication of Snow Bound in 1865, Mr. Wittiers literary work had not been a success, financialy, but for this poem, which is generally considered his best work, he received several thousand dollars—since that time he received some high prices for his poems the highest being one thousand dollars paid for the ninety six lines entitled the "Captain's Well" which was published by the New York Ledger about three years ago. It was his last long poem.

His last literary effort was his poem to Oliver Wendal Holmes in the Atlantic for Sept. 1892. Among his best known poems are "Ichabad" "Barbara Freitchie "Maud Miller" Snow Bound" "The Rent on the Beach" "Moll Pitcher and "Leans Deo"

The New York Observer says of him. "He made of his career one grand sweet song, and was loved by his countrymen perhaps quite as much for his character as his writings. His life was attained to the songs he sung, even time looked so kindly on him that it hesitated long to break the golden thread.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, God in His providence, removed from our midst Marksie Williams, son of Abednego and Catherine Williams, a very bright and interesting boy, aged 9 years, and a faithful member of the Bald Eagle Baptist Sunday-school;

THEREFORE, While bowing to the will of a Heavenly father, we express our sorrow for Marksies absence

Resolved That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the surviving members of the once happy family in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of this tribute be sent to the bereaved family, and it be printed in two of the county papers, and be placed on our minutes.

R. D. ARDREY,
JOHN WILLIAMS,
ALICE ARDERY,

A RIOTOUS HUN.

On Sunday evening a drunken Hungarian entered the house of Harry Gehret on East Howard street and began to abuse the inmates and throw the furniture about. The family were frightened out of the house. Mr. Gehret had quite a scuffle to get the man out of the house in which his clothes were badly torn, after he got him out he threw stones breaking the windows. He was arrested after awhile and locked up in the cooler, the next morning he had a hearing before squire Foster and was remanded to jail to await trial.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

We noticed Cal Brackbill on our streets last Tuesday.

Mrs. Benton, wife of the Episcopal rector, has been ill for several days.

Z. T. Weirick, of Howard, made a business trip to Bellefonte one day last week.

Lee Woodcock started for college at Princeton where he is a student last Monday.

Miss Minnie Saylor, accompanied by Miss Katie and Millie Kelley, of Snow Shoe, spent last week in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Cassidy, from Canton, Ohio, with their daughter Maggie have been visiting in Bellefonte.

Dr. H. K. Hoy has been away from home for several days but has now returned and is ready for his professional duties.

Major Austin Curtin has left his post at Homestead long enough to pay a visit to home and friends, all were glad to see him.

George W. Reese, assistant Poat Master of Bellefonte is off on a vacation and a visit to friends at Scranton, Pottstown and Edwardsdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jenkins have been entertaining their friend, Miss Clara Gearhart, of Clearfield, at their pleasant home on High street.

Frank VanOrmer, who has many friends in Bellefonte, visited his old home last week. He is now located at Harrisburg in the express business.

Robert McCalmont, of the firm of McCalmont and Co., is confined to his bed with sickness. We hope we may soon learn of his restoration to perfect health.

Go to the Eureka Grocery, High St., Bellefonte, next door to Post office, there you will find first class goods sold at the lowest market price, by the best looking clerks.

Rudolph Schad departed last Monday for Spangler and Hastings where he has secured several jobs of works. The firm of R. J. Schad & Bro. is celebrated for good work and have calls from distant places.

Harry U. Tibbens, a former Bellefonte boy now located at Altoona and working as city editor on the *Tribune* of that place, visited friends in Bellefonte last week. Harry formerly worked a little for the REPUBLICAN. He is an active fellow and a good newspaper man.

On Sept 9 there was a surprise party at the home of Mrs George Rhoads on Halfmoon Hill. It was Mrs Rhoad's birth day and her friends and relatives gathered at her house to celebrate the event Numerous valuable presents were given a bounteous repast was served and everyone had a good time.

Rev. A. L. Miller, of Riverside, Pa., was married to Miss Emma B. Patterson, daughter of Superintendent Patterson, of the State College experiment farm, by the Rev. Dr. Monroe, of Altoona. Rev. Miller and his bride were accorded quite a reception on their return to Riverside the Saturday evening following the wedding.

Mr. Augustus Hileman, from Waukesha Mich., is a guest at the home of Mrs. Hagerman, on East Linn St., Bellefonte. It is thirty three years since he left this town and this is the first visit he has made us since. He sees many changes. The Bellefonte of to day does not look much like the Bellefonte of over thirty years ago.

MARRIED.

JONES—BROWN.—At the home of the bride's parents, on Thursday Sept. 8 at 8 o'clock p. m. Mr. George Jones, of Port Matilda, Pa., and Miss Annie Brown, of Martha, Pa., were united in holy matrimony, by Rev. J. C. Yonng.

RIGGLEMAN—BECKWITH.—At the Methodist parsonage in Port Matilda, Pa., on Tuesday Sept. 13, at 4 o'clock p. m. Mr. Albert Riggleman of Martha, Pa., and Miss Ada May Beckwith, of Hannah, Pa., were united in holy matrimony, by Rev. J C Young.

HOUSER—MILLER.—On the 14th inst, by Rev Robert Hamill, D. D., Henry H. Houser of Pleasant Gap, to Rachel E. Miller, of Oak Hall.

DIED.

WALBURN—July 13, 1892, at Forest Hill, Union county, Sarah Walburn, wife of Henry Walburn, aged 68 years, 11 months and 14 days. She formerly lived in Centre county.

—Last Friday was the anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harper and they celebrated this happy event by spending last Sunday at Atlantic City accompanied by their son Bud.

A CENTURY OLD.

And Still Well and Hearty.

It comes to the lot of but few people to compass in this earthly life the round of one hundred years. It is said that the days of man's life are three score years and ten and yet by reason of strength, a good constitution, an honest ancestry, Mrs. Nancy Barger, of Curtin township, in this county, passed the one hundreth year of her earth life last Saturday, Sept 17, in excellent health. Her relatives and friends celebrated this great event. The Milesburg Post, G. A. R., attended and took part in the joyous occasion. Her husband was a soldier in the late war which still endears this aged widow to every soldiers heart. We hope this aged lady may live many years; that every care may be taken to preserve her life and that many annual celebrations of her birth-day may be enjoyed by her and all her many friends.

—At the celebration of the one hundredth birth day of Mrs. Nancy Barger, of Roland Curtin Twp. last Saturday, mention of which is made in another column. The George L. Potter Post, G. A. R. of Milesburg, who attended presented the old lady with a beautiful chair on which was inscribed her name and age and the name of the donners Major Austin Curtin made the presentation speech which was appropriately responded to in behalf of Mrs. Barger, by Rev. Smith, of Howard. This aged lady has lived to see great changes in the world, she was a child when George Washington, was president. Her husband was a soldier in the war of 1812, three of her sons were soldiers in the war of the rebellion. Three of her sons were at the celebration of her one hundredth birth day, her oldest son is 72 years old during her life fiction matches have been invented to take the place of the old flint and punk. Steamboats, railroads, electric telegraph, telephones, sewing machines and thousands of other things. The country has grown from a narrow strip along the Atlantic ocean until it crosses a continent. From three million people we have grown to over sixty million. Her friends believe she will live many years yet, as she is in excellent health. Let us hope she may and that in this relict Centre county may yet have the oldest person in the world. H. E. Shaffer, the photographer, was present and took a picture of the scene with the aged lady as the central figure surrounded with her children of several generations.

TOWN COUNCIL.

Council met last Monday evening President W. T. Hamilbish in the chair.

Dick McCafferty presented a claim for payment for stone furnished by his son. John Ardell and Geo. L. Potter asked the privilege of laying a sewer pipe up Linn street to their property; granted.

The market committee reported that they had received from patrons $13.70. Complaints were made of board walk on property of Bush estate near car works; the matter was refered to street committee with authority to repair same and hand in bill for collection.

It was suggested by Mr. Jamison that some action should be taken to keep cows off of the streets; council refused to take any action on this matter.

Dr. R. G. Hayes and E. Chambers asked that a board of health be established; council were in favor of it provided such board was strictly under control of council as they were afraid such a board might be very expensive if left to themselves.

Complaints was made about waste and sink water running into the gutter on Linn St. from house of F. P. Green and house owned by Graham estate. It was suggested that Mr. Green would have to tap the sewer no definite action was taken however.

The election of Mitch Cunningham, Frank Waltz and John Pearl as fire marshals was approved.

There is a clause in an ordinance of the council which says that a fire marshall must be thirty years of age and have two years experience in a fire company. Al. Garman offered a resolution to Council changing the thirty years to twenty-five years and two years experience. It was passed.

Dr Hafler complained of condition of street near his residence which was one sided and for want of gutters the water ran into his cellar, refered to street committee. Bills were read and ordered paid then adjournment.

—A child of Mr. and Mrs. Cal Brackbill, six months old, died at their home in Hughesville last Saturday and was brought to Bellefonte on Monday for burial. The funeral was from the residence of Mrs. John Brackbill, on Spring St., at 2 o'clock same afternoon.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE